Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1840.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. R. S. B. Your letter is received; should an opportunity offer you shall hear from us. The *name* has been altered.

T. K.'s favor dated Tishimingo County, Miss., was not received until after the article was printed. It is a capital thing, and has made quite a sensation here.

Capt. S. R. Your letter covering a remittance for the "Spirit" and "Register" was duly received; you will see that the matter has been attended to.

P. R. D.'s letter is on file; we shall find him a customer probably.

The gentleman who wrote us from Macon, *Virginia*, relative to Dr. C., and requesting an answer "promiscuously," forgot to sign his name, or it would be replied to forthwith.

J. W. W.'s letter of the 28th will have early attention. The question repeated, was replied to, some time since, under this head.

N. T. G.'s letter reached us last evening, too late to be further noticed this week, having just received our papers and letters by the "Patrick Henry," from Liverpool.

T. F. B.'s second letter, relative to J. B. was just what we should have expected from a gentleman of his character. It will afford us great pleasure to oblige him.

The February number of the "Turf Register and Sporting Magazine" will be issued from this office to-day. The number contains an unusual variety of readable articles, and is embellished with Two Engravings—one of *Wild Horses Fighting*, and a Portrait of Messrs. Kirkman & Dickinson's *Wacousta*.

TYPE FOR SALE.

To keep pace with the improvements of the day, and to keep pace with the "spirit of the times," the publishers of This Paper will issue it on the 7th of March next in an entirely new and unique dress. Accordingly, having little further occasion for the several varieties of Type at present in use, they offer it for sale on the most liberal terms. The font of *Brevier* is above 600 lbs. weight. The font of *Nonpareil* is about 250 lbs. The necessary fonts of Fancy Type are also ample. The type has been in use but a comparatively short time, as must be remarked from its appearance. Apply, if by letter, post paid, to the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times." Jan. 31st.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 1, 1840.

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

By the *Patrick Henry*, Capt. Delano, which arrived last evening from Liverpool, we are in possession of our files up to the 25th Dec. from London. The "British Queen," which left here on the 1st Dec., did not reach England till the 25th. She was not to return till the 1st of March, which will allow her time to make improvements in her cabins—much desired in her.

The news by the *Patrick Henry*, in the sporting way, is not important.—Though not exactly in the line designated, we would state that Queen Victoria is to be married this month.

Lord Palmerston, or "Cupid," as he is familiarly called, is married to the Dowager Countess Cowper.

Brother to Euclid has attained the premiership in the betting on the next Derby; fifteen to one are the latest odds quoted about him. The Angelica colt, *Muley Ishmael* and *Launcelot* are all higher in the list than *Wardan*. *Crucifix* is thought to be seriously amiss, and 8 to 1 are now laid against her for the Oaks. *Lalla Rookh* and *Currency* stand close up to her.

Ephraim Bond, the hell-keeper, is dead, leaving £55,000 behind him.—He was said to be the original of D'Israeli's gambler in "Henrietta Temple."

Speaking of novels, *Marmaduke Myddleton* is said to be the name of the forthcoming work by Boz, to be published in monthly parts. We shall be on the "*Quy Wivy*" for an early copy to lay before our readers.

Lord Brougham is expected to visit this country next year.

Pozzo di Borgo, the Corsico-Russian *Diplomate*, is said to be raving mad.

Theatricals are dull; "*Love*" still runs "smoothly" at Covent Garden; Carter, the lion-tamer, has "galvanized" Paris; Macready was to go to Drury Lane on the 15th ult., at £40 a night; Miss Lacy had quarrelled with Hammond, but subsequently the affair was arranged, and she had appeared in "Der Freischutz," which has been revived with good effect.

Hammond's company was not only on half-pay, but all receiving above £3 a week, had up to December 22d, received nothing for two weeks. Much was expected from Wallack's engagement, and he was looked for immediately.

The bets pending as to the run of "Love," and the "Sea Captain," were won by the "Knowles folks."

Agreeably to the late Mr. Stephen Price's orders, transmitted from this country previous to his death, his furniture, wines, &c., were sold in London about the middle of December last, and brought the best prices—a fresh proof of the character of the man, sacrificing every thing to maintain his credit and position.

Charles Kemble had just arrived in Paris from Italy, where his daughter yet remains. Much regret is expressed that his health is seriously impaired.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood are playing at Liverpool.—Miss Romer, Templeton, and Balfe, are drawing good houses at Dublin.

Macready will make his appearance in Miss Mitford's long written tragedy of "Otho."

Jim Crow was about starting for the Northern circuit; the "Age" says, "He has jumped pretty particularly well in England, and will pay a visit to his native country early in the ensuing Spring.

Hackett had commenced a second engagement at Drury Lane, in *Monsieur Mallet*, and was much praised by the press.

CONTENTS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

On the fourth page of this paper will be found an article from Frazer's Magazine entitled "My Irish Tutorship." It is in chapters, nor is it entire, but yet the thread of the story is so slight, that it will be indifferent to the reader whether he ever sees the conclusion of it or not. The selection is made for its great wit, and its extremely clever illustration of Irish manners and character. The second chapter, which all must certainly read, is richly humorous. A legend on the next page, from the wittiest magazine in the world, after Blackwood, is also well worthy of a perusal, tho' it be not in a light vein.

Since Mr. Webster's return from England, he has addressed an Agricultural Convention in Massachusetts. His address is given on the ninth page for the benefit of our farming as well as literary friends. It will be perceived that his tour in England was not without its influence upon his mind, as a plain, practical farmer. Turfmen will read with pleasure an article by Nimrod, upon his own "Horses." He stands confessedly at the head of English writers upon the Turf, the Chase, the Road—and we may perhaps add—Gastronomy, a theme less foreign to the three foregoing ones in sense than sound.

We necessarily have constant occasion to compare the communications to the different English sporting magazines, with those which are contributed to our own publications. In such comparisons, it is gratifying to observe how favorable is the result to American writers. In the purely literary magazines, the English beat us a long way. One principle and obvious reason of this difference is, that in England, which for more than a century has boasted the most respectable sporting magazines, the appropriate themes are somewhat exhausted. The great Race Meetings of the year, afford, it is true, certain topics for description and discussion, but they are necessarily somewhat monotonous. To give spirit, and the interest of adventure to their sketches, the greater number of sporting writers lay the scenes of their articles in foreign lands. British India, and our own country, are most often selected, and it is rare that you open either of the four sporting magazines, without finding a bear, a buffalo, or a panther hunt, in the United States.

It is to the exhaustless supply of material of this nature—the adventurous life of a frontier settler—incidents of travel over prairies and among mountains hitherto unknown to the white man—the singular variety of manners in different States, springing from their differences of origin, or of climate and product—peculiarities of scenery unhacknied by a thousand tourists—to this is to be attributed the greater freshness and raciness of American sketches. Were evidence needed of the accuracy of this opinion, it would be easy to point at once to the communications of "Frank Forester" and "J. Cypress, Jr." Their descriptions are of scenery and sport that would naturally be most familiar in the immediate vicinity of a crowded city like New York. Yet there is a charm about every thing which proceeds from their pens which we do not find in English writers, treating of kindred English themes. Their papers are copied abroad, and compare, in every way, favorably with the articles which are grouped with them in English publications.

Life at the West and South, is a teeming theme for Magazine writers; but the cleverest and most amusing have certainly been of a sporting nature. The curious and often rich provincialisms of dialect are here most appropriate, and are most vividly brought out by scenes on the Course or in the Field. The "Spirit of the Times" has been greatly favoured with communications of this description, particularly by the famous Pete Whetstone, of the Devil's Fork of the Little Red; and by the author of "A Quarter Race," and "Jones's Fight." Their letters are constantly copied in England, with the encomiums of editors. What can we do to keep their pens constantly moving?

In pure Turf writing, England never boasted an author equal to "An Old Turfman." In plain, elegant English, logical deductions, and perfect familiarity with his subjects, he was superior even to Nimrod. Had he been able to restrain the acerbity of an irritable temper, and govern his prejudices, he would have been the chosen advocate of the Turf from New York to Louisiana.

Nor have our Turf writers all passed away with the "Old Turfman." Many still remain, who ever and anon delight and instruct our readers. Their *noms-de-guerre* are often but an initial letter; but we must cite "Snaffle," and "Senex,"—"B." and a "Young Turfman,"—"N. of Arkansas," and "A."—and call upon them, with a host of others, again to refresh our wearied spirits. "B. C." has forgotten the "Spirit," and he who knows so well how to enlighten us, not alone in matters of poetry and taste, but cattle and horses—our Louisiana M. D. we refer to—has scarcely fulfilled our hopes. Let them come on.

In thus casually naming a very few of our most frequent correspondents, a special note should be made of "H." His "Reminiscences of the Prairies." are uniformly copied in England with commendation, and we shall rejoice to find him again improving his "lettered ease." What inducement can be offered to him—nay, to "Expedition," to "Morgan Rattler" with his picturesque descriptions of Canadian scenery, to "N." of Washington, and "G." to "Curiosus," and to any or all of our old friends, to renew their intimacy? Their letters are as the breath of life to a sporting paper, and nothing would be denied to secure their continuance.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Washington, Jan. 17, 1840.

To the Editor.—Without the moon is bright,—within are bright lights, a bright fire, and at my side a young lady with bright eyes and bright smiles, yet, *horribile dictu*, despite these powerful allies, the blue devils hold me captive. Exercise is said to be their most powerful adversary, but although the aforesaid young lady and myself traversed Pennsylvania Avenue this afternoon, like—like *racers*, here have I sat for the last two or three hours, staring at the glowing Anthracite with an air, to which that of Don Quixotte, when caged by those potent enchanters, the priest and the barber, was *mirthful*. I have'nt the dyspepsia, nor the headache, nor the toothache,—I hav'nt any thing *very* awful and mysterious on my conscience. I suspect that my present highly poetical mood was induced by my having accidentally been led to reflect that I had not what I have always considered *just a competence*,—a couple of hundred thousand dollars. You are a person of a vast deal of tact, now pray tell me, of all the speculations that are elbowing and jostling each other about these United States, which is the most profitable, in *your* opinion? Not to be rich, I consider a most outrageous sin of omission. *Some* people make money by writing. I like writing well enough, but when it comes to *publishing*, there are too many *above* me. I can't be an *eagle*, so I'd rather remain an oyster. Mr. Willis made a foreign correspondence *fashionable*—that has one great charm, motion; *I detest* living more than three months in *any* place. Mr. Forrest, they say, has made a fortune by acting, but I don't know that my lungs are as strong as his. Apropos of acting, do you call Miss Vandenhoff a genius? I think I have never seen a performer of any pretension with more glaring faults of omission and commission. Her father is her *teacher* they say,—but I shall die in the faith of Talma, who said *acting could not be taught*. However, if Miss V. makes a fortune, I shall have a high consideration for her *talents*. Mrs. Fitzwilliam I like exceedingly. I believe she is generally much admired here. Her voice and style of singing are charming, and the apparent ease with which she sings, forms a delightful contrast to the evidently painful effort, which accompany the execution of many accomplished vocalists. Mrs. F.'s benefit attracted a fashionable and crowded house. Mr. Walton is a most agreeable acquisition to the Washington company,—just such a person as has always been wanted—whatever his part may be, never fatiguing himself and the audience by over-acting,—gentlemanly in appearance and manner, but sometimes not sufficiently forgetful of the theatrical sailor, who can never stand still. And Mr. J. Wallack, Jr., (is that right?) is a real, live hero, *compared with most of those* who have lived, loved, and expired in the parts which he now assumes. The most *agonizing* objects on the stage, usually, are the *fops*. I hav'nt patience to say another word of them,—*pray* give them a lecture!

I commenced this *pathetic* epistle several evenings since, with the intention of *finishing* it, but I had only disburthened my brains of their discontents, when some one entered, and since then, to lay my hand on my writing apparatus has been as potent a signal for the front door bell, as was "open sesame" to disclose the entrance to the cavern of the forty thieves.

I reached the Capitol on Monday, for the first time since the Maine discussion last Session, and I don't want to see it again until they re-commence the same question. I noticed nothing *remarkable*, save that every body looked a year older than they did last year. In the Senate, I heard Mr. Benton's bill for the military occupation of Florida pass, but "my ears had not yet drank" half the Sub-Treasury bill, before I was glad to decamp, ignobly unconscious that Mr. Clay was to speak upon it. Had I not been so long expatriated, I should have *guessed* it from his having composed his countenance so much *a la Talleyrand*. In the house, Mr. Slade had opened his Abolition battery, before which all, save some thirty or forty members, "fled fast away."

Rumors of war afloat—*on dit*, the Senate in secret session last night, 21st inst.—but war's no money making trade; not in our country at any rate, so adieu to it. However you need not object to it, as there will of course be some *racing*. I suppose it would be high treason even to *hope* that it will all be on the North side of the line. I wonder if it would'nt be politic to enlist a regiment of Seminoles to fight on the frontier. If Mr. Benton would concoct a bill to that effect, it would surely pass. Let them reach the Aroostook *at the outset*, and Mr. Cooper may commence "the last of the Seminoles," Mr. Field dramatise, and Mr. Parsons or Mr. Forrest play it, before "the hurly burly's done." If sky-blue pantaloons with scarlet stripes will not tempt the braves of the nation into Uncle Sam's service, "there's no such thing" as temptation. What a *statesman* I should have been, but, alas, I am—

Nobody.

GOSSIP FROM FOREIGN COURT JOURNALS.

Paris—M. Berliotz had a rehearsal on Sunday, of his symphony of 'Romeo and Juliet,' in which he pretends to communicate to the hearer all the scenes, and even dialogue of the piece, without the necessity of having words. As a profound musical composition, it was much admired; but melody is not the forte of this gentleman; and notwithstanding the enthusiastic opinion of Paganini, who, when his last opera was rehearsed, went upon his knees in rapture, and sent M. Berliotz a draft for 20,000 francs, with a letter, stating his music had compensated him for twenty years of physical suffering; this composer is not likely to become popular.

M. Berliotz is the husband of a lady who is well known in England—Miss Smithson. In his courtship he exhibited all the extravances of an ardent imagination; but they are a most happy couple, and both are highly respected by all to whom they are known.

The theatres are still well attended, although there have been no new performances of interest. At the Academie de Musique, Miss Maywood, the American dancer, has had what the French call a *succès fou*. This young lady may now consider that her fortune is made.

A new tenor singer, from Italy, of whom report speaks very highly, is soon to make his appearance at the Renaissance.

Mdlle. Rachel is, it is said, to return to the Theatre Français in about two months, her health being much improved; and Mdlle. Mars, who is now on the shady side of sixty, really talks of retiring; a wise resolution, if she would not destroy the brilliant but well-merited reputation which she has gained.

There is no improvement in the receipts of the concert á la Musard. The proprietor of the concert-room convinced that the introduction of vocal music could alone prevent his being compelled to close his doors, has applied for permission to have singers; but the Government have refused it, on the ground that it would be an infringement of the privilege of the Academie de Musique and the Opera Comique, which have here a monopoly destructive to the hopes of young artists, however clever they may be.

Some attempts have been made lately to get up an English theatre by subscription, but they have failed, owing chiefly to the prevalence of party spirit amongst the higher classes.

The minor theatres, with two or three exceptions, are crowded. One of the least fortunate is the Porte St. Martin, since the accident which occurred to M. Van Amburgh, whose performances were run after by all Paris. M. Van Amburgh is still very ill; he is now attended by an American physician named Mott, who considers that he will recover, but his leg is in a dreadful state.

Madame Carmouche (Jenny Vertpré) appears to have given up all idea of returning to London as a manageress. She says she was very lucky there, inasmuch as she made both ends meet, whereas all her predecessors ran out at the wrong end. She was even more fortunate than the Bath actor, who for ten years had lost £20 or £30 by each *benefit*. Being, on one occasion, asked how his benefit had turned out, he replied, "Very well, thank God, this year, for I lost only £1."

An Irish gentleman, on arriving at the *Hotel de Suede*, Rue Richelieu, sent for a laundress, and threw from his travelling sack a quantity of linen, which she collected and took away. This laundress was a young and extremely pretty girl. In about five minutes a knock was heard at the chamber door, and the laundress entering, placed in the hands of the gentleman a small bundle of Bank notes amounting to a very considerable sum, which he had unknowingly thrown among the linen. All his solicitation could not prevail with her to accept a gratuity, and he was at a loss in what way to make a return for so much honesty and disinterestedness. A few days ago a marriage was celebrated with great splendor at the *Eglise St. Roche*, and it was perceived that the bride was, though extremely interesting, of a rank somewhat beneath the bridegroom; in fact, on inquiry, it was discovered that the former was no other than the pretty laundress to whom the Irishman (a person of fortune and distinction) had made an offer of his hand.

Rome.—The Duke de Bordeaux is at Rome, has plenty of tin, and is coming it strong. He goes by the title of the Count de Chambord, and lives at the Palais Conti. The spite and humiliation of the French Ambassador knew no bounds when he saw his own deserted *salons*, and the eager crowds of French, English, Germans, Russians, &c., who flocked to welcome the illustrious Prince. The Prince's receptions are attended by all the noble and distinguished foreigners and French now in the city of the Cæsars.

London.—A Viscount, more renowned for gallantry than wit, visited his friend in Wiltshire. The friend has a fit of the gout. The viscount pursues the sports of the field alone, or rather accompanied only by quadrupeds. In his wanderings he stumbles upon an adventure which almost paralyses him; he meets a lady pursuing, like himself, the amusement of knocking down partridges. She is beautiful as an angel. Our Viscount makes the acquaintance of the modern Diana, *as he thinks*. She is the daughter of a neighboring squire; the old manor-house in sight is the paternal mansion; an only daughter—rich, surpassing rich, the senior! The Viscount is poor, and a wife with wealth would serve to repair his shattered fortune, if not his constitution! Again and again the enamoured lord meets his fair enslaver; he tells his name, his rank, and begs to be permitted to throw himself at the feet of his adored one's sire, and offer himself as a son-in-law.

This the lady of the gun refuses to allow. Her parent is singular—odd—would not allow a stranger to enter his doors. Alas! they might meet in happier times, and the fair one vanishes; the lord pursues, but in vain, for he is fifty! He mentions to his gouty friend his adventure with Miss Wright! no such name is known to him; had never heard of such a person. It is very singular! The Viscount describes the house, but his friend is still at a loss—the Viscount is a bad describer. So passed the third day's dinner. In the evening, the gout being better, the pair proceed to the little town of B——, where a company of travelling comedians are then performing and enter the theatre. The Viscount looks round, he sees his enslaver, he points her out to his friend, who rouses the theatre with his hearty laugh. The Viscount inquires, his friend replies. O romance! O adventure! where are ye now? The manor-house is the depot of the —nd, the lady holds brevet rank as wife to the gallant commander. The story got wind, and the Viscount is now ruralizing in the Isle of Wight.

THE LAST HEIR OF FERNEY—A LEGEND.

It was a wild and gloomy night when I set out from the little town of Kingscourt, on the borders of the county Cavan, to continue my journey through a part of the country of which I knew nothing, except from the information afforded me by my host at the inn. There was nothing very encouraging in his description of the ways through which I was to travel; and, had circumstances permitted, I would most willingly have yielded to the solicitations of himself and his worthy helpmate, and taken up my quarters for the night at the White Cross. The old road from Kingscourt to Carrickmacross, is a delightful illustration of the principle on which roads were formerly made, running right ahead over hill and valley, and consequently broken up by innumerable channels, each of which, on the night that I was destined to travel, was the bed of a little brawling torrent. My horse was weary and so was I, for we had already travelled a long way; and it is no disparagement to either to acknowledge, that we were in frequent danger, and one of us, at least, in almost constant apprehension of breaking our necks over the half-buried rocks with which the road was studded, or of tumbling *promiscuously* into some of the bog holes or quarries, which I could just perceive lay along on either side of our way. I had proceeded between two and three miles, when, as I was riding slowly, down a particularly steep and broken part of the road, I overtook a young lad who was making his way on foot, with his cap pulled over his eyes, to afford some protection against the rain that was beating sharply in his face.

"A rough night, sir," said the boy, looking up, as he heard the sound of my horse's feet; but it was evident from his tone and entire bearing, that he thought a great deal less than I did of the difficulties of our journey. As he was an active pedestrian, and as I was obliged to ride leisurely, owing to the darkness of the night, and the other circumstances I have mentioned, we kept together, and I soon found my young friend a very agreeable *compagnon de voyage*. There was a degree of frankness and intelligence about him, which, with his intimate acquaintance with the country, and the habits of the people, rendered his conversation, even under such unfavorable circumstances, exceedingly agreeable. He was the son, he told me, of a gentleman who lived a few miles farther on; and he never asked me, but seemed to consider it an understood matter, that I should make his father's house my quarters for that night. As we travelled on, discoursing on the various subjects which the surrounding, though unseen, objects, suggested to my companion, we came to a stream that ran right across the road, and which being swollen by the late heavy rains, presented, in my mind, rather a formidable obstruction to a traveller on foot. I could observe, that at one side of the road there was a plank thrown across it; but the boy would neither take the trouble of going so far out of his way, nor of mounting my horse, as I had already frequently requested him to do; but walked on knee-deep through the water, perfectly insensible to any inconvenience.

"It was here," he said, when we had crossed the stream, "that M'Mahon killed the Sasenagh."

"Killed a Sasenagh!" said I; "that was ill done of M'Mahon. What did he kill him for?"

"Why, sir," replied the lad, "he couldn't very well help it. It was a disagreeable alternative; but if you like, I'll tell you all about it when we get home—it's too long a story to tell you now; particularly," he added, "as the rain is coming on worse than ever, I'm afraid."

And so it was. It had subsided a little for a time, but was now coming down in a wild and heavy torrent. The boy urged me to spur on quickly, as the road was, in this part, tolerably level, and there was a public-house about a quarter of a mile farther on, where he proposed to overtake me. But I did not think that this would have been very civil on my part; and besides, a little rain more or less, was a matter of small importance in our drenched condition. We soon reached the public-house, however. My companion led the way, and I followed him into the large hospitable-looking kitchen, where we found a number of countrymen sitting round a splendid turf fire, and enjoying a warm drop, which certainly the severity of the night seemed to warrant.

"Come, boys!—out of the way with you," cried my companion; and the men, who did not require to be reminded of the attention due to a strange gentleman, instantly rose and made room for us at the hearth.

"Why, then, Masther George," said one of the men, when we were seated round the fire, with all the "appliances and means" of comfort, "were you far on your thravels to-night."

"Not very," replied the boy drily.

"Away by Magheroon side, I dar say?" rejoined the other with roguish gravity.

The boy colored, and casting an angry glance at the man, addressed himself to me, as if to conceal the embarrassment which this observation evidently excited. I could not help smiling as well as the rest, for I saw at once the nature of the allusion; and then I could hardly help feeling a little sad, when I thought how soon a few years would have passed away, and how that boy's heart and imagination might be altered then. It was only fair, however, to turn the conversation from so delicate a subject; and as the rain was still pouring down in torrents, I reminded him of his promise, and requested him to favor me with the history to which he alluded as we crossed the stream.

"Oh, then," said the man who had spoken before, "it's himself can do that in style, your honor; he can tell you that surely, and all the ould stories that ever happened, from the reign of Oliver Cromwell, or a thousand years afore it."

"And no wondher for him," said another, "sure isn't it the height of his glory to be sittin' over the brusna, discoursin' some ould wife or another the length of a winter's night."

"Tut!" said the former, "he has more stories, ten to one, than all the ould wives in Ferney. Bedad, myself thinks he makes the half of them out of his own head."

"Well, boys, have you done?" said the lad, who had sat very patiently listening to this dissertation on his legendary acquirements. "I'm sure the gentleman must be highly entertained by your discourse."

After some bantering and wit on the part of the men, who seemed to treat my young friend with a sort of respectful familiarity, he commenced his narative.

"You must know, sir—or you do know, I mean, that one Hugh Roe M'Mahon succeeded his brother, as Chief of Ferney, at the time that Elizabeth was queen of England. He was not only the natural heir of the brother, but he had a grant of the county from the English government; for the late chieftain had surrendered it to the queen, and been reinstated in his honors and possessions under the broad seal of England. Well, sir, on his brother's death, this Hugh thought he should go up to Dublin to have his title recognized; and so he did; but it turned out to be the most unfortunate journey he ever made, except, indeed, the journey back. He got plenty of hard usage at the castle, and very little satisfaction of any kind, till at last the Lord Deputy, one Sir William Fitzwilliams, spoke him wonderful fair, and said he would go down with him to Monaghan, and settle him in his inheritance himself. Of course, M'Mahon thought all was right, and expressed his great obligations to Sir William, and off they set to Monaghan; when the first thing the worthy Lord Deputy did, was to clap the baron into irons; and the next thing, after a sort of a sham trial, was to hang him up like a dog before his own door That was the end of the M'Mahons, as chieftains and men of power. Their country was confiscated of course, and their descendants left to wander the world, or depend, as it might be, on the charity of their own vassals. However, sir, it happened that after the wars of the Revolution, as they call it, there was a widow lady living in an humble little cottage, but most beautifully situated, just about a mile, I think, from where we are sitting at this moment. Her husband was the lineal descendant of the chieftains of Monaghan, but he had been killed in the wars, fighting for King James, and he left this lady and one boy poorly enough provided, as you may suppose.

The old castle of the M'Mahons was at this time in the possession of one Colonel Vaughan, who before the revolution had been the brother officer and most intimate friend of Major M'Mahon; indeed they were so attached to each other, that there was a mutual understanding between them, that Vaughan's eldest daughter should become the wife of young M'Mahon. However, when the war broke out, Vaughan sided with the English party; but still, when all was over, he entertained a warm regard for the memory of his friend; and though the obstacles to the contemplated marriage seemed almost insurmountable, for young M'Mahon was of course a Catholic, and under the ban of the new laws; yet the colonel had him constantly at his house, and was even in hopes that he could, in the course of time, be induced to change his religion for the sake of the lady, and of the property of his ancestors, which he would in that case inherit with her. Vaughan had another daughter, and that was his whole family; but as they grew up there was not their equal for beauty in the whole country round. The eldest, however, was by far tho loveliest. She had the heavenliest eyes, they say, that ever shone in a woman's head; and when poor M'Mahon would see her moving through the lighted ball-room, with her dark hair rolling down in rich waves like, to her waist, a sadness used to come over him, when he would think, that notwithstanding her own love and her father's regard for him, it was little better than a wild dream to think that he could ever possess the hand of his beautiful Sasenagh.

"Well, sir, there was a cousin of M'Mahon's, one Neal Nugent, and from the time they were both children they were more like brothers than cousins, though their dispositions were, in all respects, the very opposite. One was a proud, high-spirited fellow, loyal in his heart to the cause and religion for which his father perished; but Nugent, though he was brave, too, thought it a hardship to give up every thing for the sake of religion, and be shut out from all chance of gaining either riches or honour, because he happened to be born a Catholic. He often hinted to M'Mahon, that he'd be a fool to forfeit such a splendid alliance for any scruples he might have about the affairs of the other world; and his advice might have been more dangerous, only it was plain that it was for her rich domains and not for the lady herself that he would have had his cousin sell his faith. He was an ambitious young fellow, this Nugent; and he was a clever fellow, too; and so, when he was determined he would be a slave no longer, wasting away his youth and intellect among the hills of Ferney, but that would make a name for himself in the world, and become one of the lords of the land, where he was now trampled on and despised. The end of it was, sir, that he turned Protestant, got into the army, and, sure enough, he did seem in the way of rising fast to honor and distinction. In the meantime, M'Mahon was still received at the castle in the character of Ellen's lover; but their intercourse became every day more painful and embarrassing. The colonel still entertained the hope that the young baron, as he called him, would yield what might be almost considered as the necessity of his fate, and remove the only obstacle that seemed to stand in the way of his worldly happiness; but Ellen knew him better, and she knew that not even for her would he abandon the religion of his fathers. At last the colonel thought it was time that there should be a full understanding on the subject; and one day he asked M'Mahon when he intended to conform, for that he saw no necessity for delaying the marriage any longer. This was a severe trial to poor M'Mahon: but he was prepared for it, and he told the colonel that conform he never would; and that if he must relinquish the hand of his daughter, he hoped he might soon enjoy in another world the happiness that was lost to him for ever in this. The colonel was vexed and disappointed; but he had to acknowledge, that though he had deceived himself, M'Mahon had never deceived him, nor by word or act given encouragement to the false hopes he had entertained; and though he was as proud a man as ever buckled on a sword, the tears fell from his eyes, as he wrung the hand of his young friend, and saw him ride out from the castle, which he never entered but once again. It was a lonely castle now to poor Ellen Vaughan. Her lover had often told her that it must come to this; for that although he was suffered to live in peace, he was, in all other respects, little better than a common outlaw; but yet, as they had known and loved each other so long, ever since their childhood in fact, he could never bear the thought of losing her; and he sometimes tried to persuade himself, that by entering into a foreign service, he might attain such rank as would compensate in some degree for the loss of her inheritance, which she must have sacrificed by marrying him. It was this vague hope that prevented him breaking off their intercourse long before; and he might have carried it into effect, only that his mother had no friend in the world but himself, and he could not, of course, abandon her; and now it was too late to think of entering on such a career. It was not long after this interview with Colonel Vaughan, that Nugent happened to be quartered down in this part of the country. He had now been three or four years in the army, and a fine looking young fellow he was; but he was one that didn't care very much for old times or old friendships; and when he found that it was all over between Ellen and his cousin, he thought he might do worse than propose for the heiress himself. He was now in high favor with the government, and had every prospect of rising in the world, so after a while the colonel consented to give him his daughter; and while the poor girl's heart was regularly breaking, she had to receive the addresses of a new lover, who knew at the time how she was devoted to his rival. At last the day was fixed for their marriage. Ellen and M'Mahon had never met from the day of his fatal interview with her father; and when they parted that day it was with the firm belief that they would never meet again. The night before the morning appointed for her unhappy marriage, the lady was sitting alone in her chamber. It was just such a night as this, wild and desolate; and there poor Ellen was sitting in a kind of abstracted reverie, "looking with idle grief on her white hands," when the door gently opened, and lifting her eyes, she saw her lover, wan and ghastly as a ghost, standing before her. She never shrieked nor spoke, but her lips turned as pale as ashes, and she kept gazing at him with her large dark eyes, as if she thought it really was his ghost come to claim her promised hand. At last M'Mahon came forward, and told her he was come to take his leave of her for ever; but then as they talked of old times, and thought of the future, all their feelings yielded to the love they had cherished through life; and Ellen that night left her father's castle to wander with her lover wherever fate might guide them. M'Mahon had left his horse in a grove at a little distance: and the servant, by whose means he had gained admission, joined them there in a few minutes with the lady's palfrey; and off they rode through storm and darkness as hard as their horses could lay a hoof to the earth. Their flight, however, was almost immediately discovered Instantly the retainers were up and mounted, scouring the country in all directions; for no information could be procured as to the course which the fugitives had taken. It happened that Nugent was at the castle at the very time, arranging some matters with the colonel; and he had with him a very intimate friend who was to be his groomsman on the following morning—an officer of high family, and connected with some of the greatest people in the country. He and Nugent were, of course, among the most active of the pursuers, but they took different routes; and as this gentleman was riding along the wild road that you and I travelled to-night, he heard the tramp of horses a little way before him; and so he pressed on, and got almost within pistol-shot of M'Mahon, as he and the lady reached the stream you remember crossing. He had taken the precaution of slinging a bugle-horn across his shoulder, and when he first got sight of the fugitives he winded this to collect any of the pursuers that might be within hearing; and as he gained on M'Mahon, he called on him to surrender, or that he would fire. There was no time for parleying then. They could hear at a distance the tramp of steeds dashing along the road. M'Mahon was on one side of the stream, and his pursuer just entering it on the other, when he wheeled round, and drawing a pistol from his belt, shot him dead. On M'Mahon and his lady rode; but where they rode to none could ever tell, for he knew all the wild by-ways of the country, and he soon had his prize safe beyond the reach of his enemies. It was a night of hard riding; and when the horsemen gathered in before dawn of day to the castle, it was with the sorrowful tidings of the lady's loss and the death of a young and honorable gentleman. The circumstances of that night broke the old Colonel's heart. He never heard more of the being he had loved and prized above the world, nor of the unfortunate companion of her fate. M'Mahon was outlawed of course; but though all possible measures were taken for his discovery and apprehension, both by the relatives of the young officer and the Sasenagh gentlemen of the country generally, who felt highly indignant at the idea of a papist having the audacity to carry off a lady of rank and fortune, their efforts were all unavailing; no trace could be discovered of the fate or fortunes of that ill-starred pair. Vaughan, as I told you, had another daughter, younger than Ellen; and though without any of the romance or high sentiment of her sister, she was a girl of very singular beauty. She was now, of course, the heiress of her father's possessions; and in a little time Nugent, as was natural, transferred his affections to her; and in a little time more they were married; and soon after that the Colonel died, and Nugent became lord of that noble castle, while the lady that should have graced it, had no home but the wild retreat of the outlaw. Nugent now became a man of great power and influence in the country. He was appointed to the commission of the peace, and made himself very active in the suppression of those rapparee bands that were at this time very formidable, and in some parts kept the gentlemen of the country in a state of constant apprehension and alarm. After some years the country became more tranquil; and these marauders disappeared at last altogether. However, sir, death's the end of all things. *Pulsat æquo pede*—as Horace says. In the course of time Nugent was gathered to his fathers; and his son occupied the same position in the country, and earned for himself the same character of a useful and energetic magistrate, which his father had formerly maintained. He had abundant opportunities for displaying his zeal. About fifty years after the occurrences I have told you of, there was a robber in this country, one of the most daring and celebrated characters that ever took to the hills. He was formidable not only from his own extraordinary prowess and the number of his band, but from the great attachment which the people entertained for him, and the protection which it was supposed they frequently afforded him. You know, sir, that in those wild times, and in such a wild country as this was then, a robber might well be a very popular character, and M'Mahon was particularly so; for he acted here as a sort of self-constituted arbiter between the rich and poor; and though he made sad havoc among the possessions of the great, he saved many a wretched family from want and ruin. This country, you must know, is full of M'Mahons, and the gentry knew nothing of this man but that he was a very notorious and desperate outlaw; but there was a secret concerning him among the people, and it is probable that their knowledge of his origin and history increased the influence he possessed among them. There is a wild district off to the west here, which was at this time very thinly inhabited. You might travel for miles and miles without meeting a house or an acre of cultivated land; and it was at a place called The Rocks, a beautiful spot it is, the heart of this wild region, that the banditti had their retreat. It was a regular little community. The robbers lived there, with their wives and children, beyond the reach of the law, and enjoying an abundance of everything the country could afford. They drove the cattle, levied money, and did everything, in fact, as if their leader's family were still the lords of Ferney. Nugent was one of those that suffered most from their incursions; and as active as he was for their suppression, and no man could be more so, they baffled him in all his efforts. M'Mahon had constant intelligence of whatever concerned his safety. He was always aware of Nugent's movements, and seemed to care as little for him and his dragoons as he would for a party of village schoolboys. They went on in this way for years. M'Mahon, in fact, held the country; and with the trifling aid which could be afforded them by government, the magistrates found it was impossible to think of dislodging him. They agreed, at last, that they had nothing for it, but to try and make some sort of terms with him, and prevent him, by fair means, from harrying the country in the way he was doing. Now, sir, this is the truth, I assure you, though you seem to doubt it."

I certainly did suspect my historian of romancing a little; but I was afterwards convinced, from other sources, of the accuracy of his narrative, in this point, at least, which being of comparatively recent occurrence, could have none of the mists of tradition about it.

"Well, sir," he continued, "Nugent managed, some how or other, to communicate with the outlaw, and gave him his word of honor, that if he would afford him an interview at any convenient time and place, no advantage should be taken, but that he should be suffered to come and go in perfect safety. M'Mahon, who was getting old, and probably weary of the wild life he had led, agreed to this proposal, but declined appointing either time or place; for, I suppose, he thought it would be only prudent not to rely too much on the faith of an enemy. He merely said he would have the honor of waiting on his worship as soon as he had settled matters with a few worthy gentlemen whose rent had been for some time in arrears. Nugent thought this rather an insolent sort of a reply; but he had to put up with it, and to wait for whatever time might suit the robber's convenience. My grandfather," continued the boy, "who was then living where we live at present, happened, though a Catholic, to be on terms of intimacy with most of the other gentlemen of the neighborhood; and one evening, as Nugent and one or two others were dining at his house, they began the old subject of the terrible state the country was in, and wondering whether it was possible that this formidable banditti could ever be destroyed. It was winter, and the night was very dark and stormy, and they were talking on in this fashion, when they heard a horseman riding up to the door—a loud double knock followed, and presently a stranger was ushered into the room—a fine military looking man, with long silvery hair, and a cloak of the old Irish fashion wrapped around him. He saluted my grandfather with an air of frank courtesy, and then turning round, said, he believed he had the honor of addressing Mr. Nugent, of Castle Marron. Mr. Nugent looked a little surprised at this, for he had never seen the stranger before, neither had any of the others, and they wondered how he knew Nugent, for that he was a stranger they thought was evident—such a distinguished looking person could not possibly have been living in their neighborhood unknown. My grandfather, of course, welcomed him with all hospitality, but he refused to partake of anything till he had declared the object of his visit. He said he had come according to appointment; and then it was hardly necessary for him to declare his name, for throwing back his cloak, as if without any design, he displayed a belt studded with pistols, and a rich heavy sword that hung almost to his heel. I dare say there was hardly one present who did not feel a little nervous in the presence of the outlaw; but my grandfather perceived at once why he had chosen his house as the scene of conference. 'This is a wild night, sir,' he said, 'and rather an unseasonable time to intrude on your hospitality; but I have sometimes reasons for preferring night to day—not in this case, however—I would not presume to question the good faith of so near a relative as Mr. Nugent.

"The other looked at him in amazement.

"'Eh!' said he. 'I really was not aware, sir, that I had the honor of being connected with such a distinguished individual.'

"'Were you not, indeed?' said the robber, drily—'I'm not sure that there is any very great honor in the connexion either one way or other. However, sir,' he added, 'you have the misfortune—and, I dare say, that expresses your meaning better—of being very nearly related to the man whom you have spent a great deal of useless time in hunting like a wild beast through the country.'

"The robber's brow darkened as he said this; but the truth of his story flashed on the minds of all present when he drew a miniature from his bosom, richly set in diamonds, and, handing it to Nugent, asked him had he ever seen a face resembling that? The other looked at the portrait, and, though he had never seen the original, he had seen often enough, in his own castle, where it hung covered with black crape, and apart from all the other family portraits, the likeness of the same sad and lovely countenance.

"'My God!' he exclaimed, 'who are you, M'Mahon, or what claim have you to this?'

"'Merely,' replied the outlaw, 'the claim that a son has to the only relic of a broken-hearted mother. Are you astonished at this? I'm an outlaw, to be sure, and am standing here among your worships with a price on my head; but did you never hear before of the son of the elder born being driven out from among man, while his castles and domains were the lordship of another?'

The gentlemen were soon convinced that the robber was really the son of those unfortunate lovers whose fate had been involved in mystery from the fatal night of their elopement; and it was even observed that his dark and weather-worn countenance bore a strong resemblance to the beautiful image that he wore. They had a great deal of conversation of a rather friendly kind, for they seemed for the time to forget the character of their visitor in the misfortunes of himself and his family; but though M'Mahon spoke with carelessness and freedom of the circumstances of his own life, he evinced a degree of reserve and uneasiness whenever any allusion was made to the history of his unhappy parents. It appeared, however, that they had succeeded on the night they had left the castle in reaching the dwelling of an old priest, who was living away in some wild and secret part of the mountains, and there they were married. What became of them then he either didn't know or didn't wish to communicate; but, at all events, they both died very young; and he, after a great many adventures, while he was yet a child fell in among an army of the rapparees, who were at that time very formidable. He was only about ten or twelve years of age when the rapparees were suppressed in this part of the country, chiefly by the active measures of his uncle, John Nugent. The small party to whom young M'Mahon remained attached, after wandering through the greater part of the south and west of Ireland, returned towards the north under his leadership, and this was the origin of the powerful banditti that now kept the country in awe.

"'So here I am,' said M'Mahon. 'The last lord of Ferney trusted to the honor of a Lord Deputy, and was hanged for his pains; and yet I have trusted myself in your power to-night, for I know that under this roof, at least, no act of perfidy can be committed.'

"He was cautious enough, however, for when one of the gentlemen happened to rise from his seat, he fixed his eyes upon him, evidently determined that no man should leave the room. He was right in this, to be sure, for it was only Nugent that was on honor with him, and there were troops at hand that could have been turned out in an instant. Well, when they found out who M'Mahon was, this made them still more anxious to have matters brought to some kind of settlement; but the robber was higher in his notions than they had calculated on, and a great deal of angry recrimination passed between them.

"'Come, now,' said the outlaw, 'I am the scourge of the country, you say, and you are one of the people's preservers. I ask you, Nugent, would you mount your horse to-night, and ride from one end of your barony to the other without arms or attendants, and rely for safety on the forbearance or affection of the people?'

"'No, faith,' said Nugent, 'not while your ruffians are abroad.'

"'No, nor if my ruffians, as you call them, were lying dead in their wild haunts, the only shelter the world affords them. I have plundered the great gentlemen of the country, but I never yet left a cabin tenantless, or a family without a home; and, robber as I am, my name has been uttered in the prayers of many a broken heart.'

"Well, they went on this way, reproaching each other as the authors of all the misery that it was acknowledged existed in the country, and by this means they only increased the difficulties of a compromise. M'Mahon was well enough disposed to abandon his lawless courses, and pass the remainder of his days in peace and retirement; but his principal object was to provide for the safety of his followers. At last it was settled that he and the most notorious of his band should leave the country, and that the others, having delivered up their arms and dispersed, should be suffered to pursue, unmolested, any honest course of life. M'Mahon, on his part, promised most faithfully that he would suspend all hostile operations until the government should have been applied to, to ratify these conditions, and thus the interview terminated. The next morning Nugent was informed that a wounded prisoner had just been brought into his castle. He went down, and, to his astonishment, there was the old outlaw lying on the floor, in one of the strong rooms, apparently at the point of death. Though in this state, he was heavily ironed, and a couple of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, were standing over him. He raised his eyes as Nugent entered the room, and his brow, which was pallid before, grew suddenly as dark as night.

"'You perjured villain!' he muttered through his ground teeth, and half rising on his arm; but his eyes rolled vacantly, and he immediately fell back in a swoon. Nugent ordered the bolts to be knocked off, and proper care to be taken of the prisoner, and then he inquired into the circumstances of the case.

"It appeared that as M'Mahon drew near the Rocks, on his return home the previous night, he witnessed what he at once regarded as a most flagrant violation of faith. His retreat had been stormed; but the battle, which was now raging at its highest, showed him how desperately it was still defended.—He dashed on, and a wild cheer welcomed him to the fray; and there he fought, while his men fell round him, till at last he fell himself, covered with wounds. He was the more desperate, as he thought Nugent had broken faith with him; but this was not the case. A fellow of his own, who had fallen under his displeasure, after trying in vain to spread disaffection in the band, had adopted another course, and offered to a magistrate of the neighborhood to betray camp and gerrison into his hands. This magistrate happened not to be on good terms with Nugent, and whether he was ignorant of the negociation he had on foot, or wished to anticipate him in freeing the country of the banditti, he immediately came into the fellow's proposals. The retreat was surprised, and almost every one of the robbers killed in defending it. M'Mahon died that night in the castle of his ancestors, but not till he had been informed of all the circumstances connected with his downfall, and had asked Nugent's forgiveness for the wrong his suspicions had done him. Nugent was a proud but a generous hearted fellow, and in the noble form and countenance of the robber he seemed only to contemplate the ruin of a fallen kinsman. Different as their lives and fortunes had been, they were the children of the two most beautiful beings, and one the most unfortunate that ever graced those ancient halls; and Nugent remembered this, and forgot, for the time, all distinction in their present rank, as he stood by the couch of the dying outlaw. And that, sir," continued the boy, "is the history, as far as it is known, of the last heir of Ferney."

Dnblin University Magazine.

A TEN DAYS' TRIP TO PARIS.

BY A BUSINESS MAN.

December 10—Spread Eagle Office, Regent Circus. To Dover, 7 P.M., 30s. "Arrive in time for the Boulogne boat?" "Oh yes, without fail"—a tip from the porter for taking luggage of the cab—"always more from the inside." *Vis-a-vis* with an English damsel and a Frenchman; latter broke the window in his haste to close it—"pardonne Madame!" Impetuosity and *politesse* characteristic of Frenchmen. November fog; get overturned; Charing Cross; Westminster Bridge; London endless, almost; Greenwich; Deptford; Rochester; Canterbury, hilly route, no more night journeys.

Dover at 8 A M. Boat gone two hours; cool demand of guard and coachman for 5s. for being 13 hours instead of 10 on the way. Coach people all rascals alike. Left us with other Philistines at a fourth rate inn, to exist, if possible, 24 hours; a difficult matter. Climb up the Shakspeare Cliff: Dover *is* picturesque when viewed from *above.* Fine day; smooth sea; capital beach; good bathing; castle and ramparts.

12th. Morning at last; half-past 4 o'clock. "Drummers" from the steamers: "reg'lar" and "hopposition." "Reg'lar will certainly go, for she's got *the* carriage." Another for Calais. Boulogne "reg'lar" actually getting *the* carriage on board; no mistake. "Porter, sir, if you please." "Why I paid at hotel." "Yes, but that's not for me." "Sixpence for ladder, sir!" "What! to get on board your own boat?" "Yes, it's reg'lar." Admirable thing, regularity. Lines cast off at 6; too dark to see the chimney sparks or owner of the carriage. Smooth passage; three hours and a half. "Half a guinea fare, sir, and a shilling for the steward!" "No such person on board." "Yes, but it's reg'lar." [Mem. How many abuses are sanctioned by custom!] The "drummer" a *very* civil person: invited to take cup of tea with him (had no breakfast); quite considerate politeness. "What you please for tea, sir!" "Certainly." Disinterested, generous people one meets with in travelling.

Boulogne Dock at half-past nine; amusing scene among the fishing-smacks; 300 loafers, men and women, on the quay. Harbor-master orders a place for the steamer. The fishermen push their boat into it and salute the official with specimens of elegant figures of speech, which Billingsgate would be ashamed of. The officer cuts their ropes with his pen-knife. A "reg'lar" squabble; the loafers, women and all, get hold of another rope and triumphantly pull up the smack into the steamer's place, amidst volleys of oaths and abuse too delicate to be repeated. Favorable specimen, number one, of French politeness and the refinement of their females. All alike, of course, (Trollope.) "But who takes charge of these young misses?" "Nobody: they have come from Dublin and are going to Paris all alone,—delicate, modest looking girls too,—one about 9, the other 15; going there to school." "Well, they are brave."

On the soil of France once more. Lesson No. 2: Passport to the police, "Commissionaire, Hotel des Bains." Ah, here you are, same as two years ago Here are the keys, get luggage and passport. "Tout-suite, monsieur; diligence partir a douze heure." Eh bien! Garcon, dejeuner! Ah, here is the carriage and its owner, the same who had been so unassuming and sociable in the boat; and he I had supposed the man, was only the courier, the gentleman's gentleman. [Mem. Bustling, noisy pretension, not always a mark of gentility] And this is the one, too, who was so curious about the truth of a scandalous report just made public respecting a distinguished citizen, late of London; and he was travelling alone in his carriage with a courier. Query: Was he the citizen himself?

Well, here we are in the diligence again; and a very decent one it is—dimensions uncommonly modest, and pace respectable. Agreeable companion in a German fur trader. Ride tedious enough, but passable. Supper at Abbeville, at 10 P.M., and change of vehicle, much for the worse, to stow away a few more passengers. Episode of the apple-girl, who climbs to the bouquette for customers, and finds herself travelling to Paris without booking her name, for the diligence stops not, except at the usual places, either to "take up" or "set down"—not slow in making herself acquainted. Chants and parley-vousing in abundance. Cold night. Query: How many such could one live through in a diligence?

13th. Dejeuner at Beauvais a la fourchette, et avec vin. Specially comfortable. Cathedral there, half finished, fine choir. Dog-trot, four miles per hour; walk up long hills. German language is spoken by more people than any other—had supposed that of the English, and next of the French. Final achievement of the "barrier," at 7 P.M.; 31 hours instead of 24, as promised. Received a search officer on board, and proceeded to Messageries Generales, 130, Rue St. Honore—luggage inspected. "Votre clef monsieur?" "Ici." "Quel est votre hotel?" "Meurice." "Ah! tres bien," and my key returned sans search. Meurice, a very good name, may be a very good hotel. Evidently taken for a high-minded person, being put in the forty-eleventh story. A good supper and bed very good things after 31 hours' diligence and the triple ascension of seven flights of stairs.

14th. Imagined my situation somewhat too elevated for a modest person and called for le carte. "Portier! Hotel Canterbury, Rue de la Paix," "Bien, Monsieur." [Meurice's is well regulated, but a little too celebrated: small chance of a room within half a mile of terra-firma. Table d'hote distinguee, mais 5 francs.]

"Bon jour, monsieur: bon apartements?" "Oui, excellent—jolie vue de la Boulevard et Mont-Marte," etc. Eh bien; numero douze. "Table d'hote cinq heure et demie, trois francs—vins a la carte." "Mercie monsieur." But I prefer exploring at large. In Paris one must see the world at the cafes. Try a few samples:

Number one—Cafe Foy, Palais Royal. Plenty of vignettes, mirrors, and gold-leaf. Ah, but this *is* coffee—equal to the nectar which Jupiter sips—such beverage as we poor unsophisticated cockneys know nothing of, till we sip it in perfection at head-quarters. No wonder people like Paris, when they can breakfast with such coffee as this, in a palace, and for 30 sous. Now what? Business before pleasure—and then—

Dinner, No. 1—Restaurant de Veery, Palais Royal. How is the nature, quality, and composition of these 800 dishes on the "carte," to be ascertained? Venture at random: Potage a la Julienne—quel poisson? Turbot, sauce aux capres—Aupres? Filet de bœuf pique, sauce piquante; Vol-au-vent a la financiere; Poulet a la Tartare, etc. Variety enough, but have had better dinners for half the money.

Evening. Academie Royale de Musique: Don Juan and the celebrated "Sylphide" ballet—Mdlle. F. Elsler en lieu de la Taglioni—might have had a worse substitute. Opera little better than at Drury Lane. Ballet superbe, magnifique, pretty good! A dozen white-robed, flesh-and-blood sylphs flying about, twenty feet from the ground, each on her own hook, which was, nevertheless, invisible; and truly they did seem "spirits of air!" The two Elslers great favorites—they dance tremendously—capital sylphs, but not Taglioni.

15th. Cafe du Cardinal, Boulevard Montmatre. Tres beau salle! Tres bon cafe; dejeuner excellent. Dinner, Cafe de Paris, Boulevard des Italiens: tip of the ton. Entree des Dames—and do respectable ladies come to public cafes to dine? Certainement, the highest. Bals de la canaille—let us see what they are like; here is one—passage de l'opera, 10 sous—cheap—very select, doubtless. A subterranean hall, with about 300 "ten-sous lads and lasses" tripping it merrily. Must be very disorderly? No; free and easy, but the ever present police keeps them within bounds. Another in the Rue Montesquieu—immense hall with iron roof—five or six hundred bobbing up and down at once. Vive la danse! Strange that the French ever want revolutions, except in the quadrilles. Three or four more of these places, all open at the same moment in one vicinity, and the whole capped by a bal masque at Valentino's great room, (late Musard's) That was a scene to "astonish a native" of the land of steady habits. Splendid looking creatures! decked out in all sorts of costumes—those with fine figures equipped in purple velvet tights and spencers, faced with white satin; others in the short frock and pantaloons of a country rustic; and others, again, choosing to display their charms and their own proper frocks and pantalettes. How very distinguee, and how very amiable too! Why the Roman carnival is nothing to this. "Extraordinary scene!" said my friend the Scotchman. Not able to say whether the last quadrille was finished by daylight.

15th. Sunday—Cafe Foy. Church of St. Roch; imposing ceremonies; splendid music; rare paintings. Cannot describe the sermon. Full attendance, even of the men; for it's fashionable to go to church now in Paris, and this is l'Eglise de la mode. Afternoon.—Plain "evangelical service" in the American chapel, Rue St. Anne; sermon by Rev. Mr. Kirk, of Albany; contrast to St. Roch. Is it strange that these show-loving people should be Catholics?

THE GREYHOUND.

That most, if not all, our domestic animals were originally reclaimed from a state of nature or unlimited freedom, appears incontestibly evident from a great variety of facts, the complete catalogue of which (even if procurable, which is not) would be far too long for insertion in this place: I allude to those cases where animals, after having experienced that degree of domestication which the wants or the whims of man rendered necessary, or of which their habits and sagacity rendered them susceptible, have withdrawn from their subjection to, and dependence upon, man, and assumed a life of savage freedom. But it does not hence result, that the more sagacious the animal, the less likely is it to be tempted to regain its native independence, since the tame elephant not unfrequently makes its escape from its human master, to enjoy a more precarious existence in the wilds of the forest. Of all quadrupeds the elephant is the most sagacious: if we observe the form of the elephant's head, the frontal region in particular, we shall perceive that it is more elevated than that of any other four-footed animal; therefore, as it is thus furnished with a more capacious receptacle for that portion of the brain which indicates sagacity, and the receptacle being filled with the medullary substance accordingly, we find the manifestations in exact correspondence, amounting merely to cause and effect.

The dog must be classed next to the elephant on the score of sagacity; and as from his size and the purposes for which he is employed, he becomes, to a great extent, the associate of man, so he may be said to experience a greater degree of domestication than any other quadruped; yet these habits of intimacy, these close associations, have not been always found sufficient to restrain him within those bounds of civilization (if such a term may be allowed). However, if we duly investigate the matter, we shall find that where instances have occurred of the dog quitting human society to ramble at large in the wilder and less frequented parts of the country, the animal has been one of the least sagacious of the tribe. The domestic dog is ramified into endless varieties. Subjected by man from the earliest periods to which history or tradition will carry the mind, and very susceptible of change, this creature is presented in a great variety of forms, of colors, and also of sizes; in fact, he has undergone all those transmutations which human ingenuity was capable of directing.

Keeping in view the remarks which precedingly appear respecting the elevation of the elephant's frontal, we shall find that dogs differ in sagacity precisely according to the development of the part in question; thus the genuine talbot, whose head is larger and more capacious than that of any other variety of the tribe, and whose frontal region is more elevated also, is the most sagacious of the species. The greyhound, on the contrary, whose head is narrow and compressed, and whose frontal is correspondingly small, is equally inferior in the quality for which the dog before-mentioned is so remarkable.

Greyhounds, or something approaching the greyhound, are more apt to run wild than the more sagacious varieties. Some years ago a black greyhound bitch, the property of the late Mr. John Heaton, of Scarisbrick, in Lancashire, left her master, forsook the habitation where she had been reared, betook herself to the fields and thickets, and adopted a life of savage freedom. In this state hares became her principal food (no sheep being kept in the neighborhood), of which she killed a great number, as became evident from the fragments which were met with in her haunts. She had taken up her locality about two miles distant from the house of her owner, where she was frequently seen. Many attempts were made to shoot her, but in vain; she eluded for more than six months the vigilance of her pursuers. At length she was observed to go into a barn which stood in a field which she frequented. She entered the building through a hole in the wall, and was caught as she came out by a snare set for the purpose. In the barn three whelps, about a week old, were found, so that, in her savage state, she had evidently been visited by a male of her own species. The bitch had lost all notion of her former state of domestication, evinced the utmost ferocity, and, even after she was properly secured, vainly attempted to seize every person that approached her. She was treated with the greatest kindness; by degrees her ferocity abated, and in about two months she became perfectly reconciled to her original abode. The following coursing season I repeatedly witnessed her exertions, when she appeared quite orderly in the slips, was pleased with the sport, and ran as truly as possible

At various periods dogs in this country have quitted their abodes, and assumed wild and predatory habits, particularly in the mountainous parts of the north of England, the whole of which, I am inclined to think, would be found, on inquiry, to have been something of the long legged, narrow-headed class.

London Era. T. B. J.

THE ENGLISH RESTAURANTS AT PARIS.

(From the Charivari.)

Paris is infested with a number of restaurants Anglais; the proper word is *taverns;* the real word would be *caverns.* These taverns, as they are called, are for the greater part round the remains of the late Italian Opera. The fire which devoured that pretty little theatre, respected the ignoble British pot-houses which surrounded it. It must be owned that the ways of PROVIDENCE are inconceivable.

Our task would be rather difficult if we had to lead our readers into these holes, where, for a trifling sum, from 10d to 1s 4d, they might give themselves an indigestion of cow-beef, magnanimously yclept roast beef. The description of one, which will serve for all, will be quite enough for our readers; besides, these places are all alike, which is certainly not much to the credit of any.

Do you see that small door with a glass window, covered with a curtain of a dubious hue? It is not very tempting I own, but as you are inclined to see, it is useless to hesitate. Go on, lift the latch and the door will open. You need not be afraid of being bitten—you had better be afraid of biting. You are now in a dark, narrow, smoky room, the walls of which seem to have been once adorned with yellow paper, the windows are covered with green serge, and the two tables before you may, perhaps, have once been white, which is certainly more than one can say of the table-cloths.

Now sit down—for 21 sous you are entitled to the following fare:—a stool, more or less rickety, a slice of roast beef with gravy, two plain boiled potatoes, some spinach or cabbage also plain boiled, and a glass of wine. This wine, like the enthusiasm of the nation for the King, is beyond the powers of description; luckily you may, without any addition of expense, leave it untasted.

Provided you have three or four francs in your pocket you think, doubtless, you can sit down and thump on the table to make the waiter appear and receive your orders for dinner. Lamentable mistake—you must wait patiently, and often standing, till some one deigns to serve you. "Ask and you shall receive" is a maxim which is not followed in this establishment. On the contrary, if you want to have anything you must ask for nothing. The master, let me tell you, is by no means a common character. He is at once landlord, cook, and waiter—he does everything himself, but slowly, at his leisure, without any hurry whatsoever. Swollen with fat and big with importance, he allows no one to interrupt him in his functions, and pays the same attention to the demands of the presumptive diners as the Chamber of Deputies does to the complaints of the nation. He will let you bawl and squall, and mind you no more than he would a dog, unless you should happen to affect his nervous system, in which case he would collar you politely and turn you out, to carry your stomach and money elsewhere. This man's shop is his castle.

If, on the contrary, you are submissive and patient, perhaps after waiting for ten or twenty minutes, according as the great man may be occupied, he will take pity on your hungry stomach, and bring you a glass, knife and fork, and also a tooth pick, if you wish it, to give some occupation to your teeth; he does not bring you a napkin, as he considers it as a downright superfluity.

After a quarter of an hour, and sometimes more, he will bring you the lump of bread and a half pint of wine, which form part of your meal; and at length, after a third pause, you will see the long-expected slice of beef make its triumphant entry on a plate, containing likewise, its twin-sister, the potato, and you will then be able to enjoy in all its excellence this culinary *chef d' œuvre* of English cookery.

Roast beef and potatoes are the foundation of the gastronomic system of our transmarine neighbours. Let us add to those two principal elements, cabbage, beans, spinach, apple pie, plum-pudding and grog, and you will have a thorough knowledge of the culinary science of England.

When your instruction on this head shall be as complete as you wish it to be, you may get up and go to the bar; but there you must wait till the landlord shall be inclined to come and receive your money. Do not appear to be impatient, for he would think nothing of putting on his hat and taking his stick for a walk in the Champs Elysees to show his independence.

The English landlord is generally short, big bellied, and thick-set—nature has gifted him with a pair of crimson cheeks: he generally wears a cotton nightcap and a very long apron. His tone is abrupt and incisive; though economical in words, he is still more so in his portions.

The English taverns in Paris are assiduously frequented by French, Germans, Italians, and Russians: in short, by the carnivorous of all parts of Europe, England excepted. As a compensation, the Italian restaurants are thronged with English, and the Spanish ones with Italians. National spirit does not go beyond the lips—the stomach is not acquainted with *amor patriæ.*

SINGULAR, ROMANTIC, AND UNFORTUNATE AFFAIR.

From the New York Whig, Monday the 27th.

Yesterday afternoon, about two o'clock, a one horse carriage containing a lady and gentleman, was observed in the Third Avenue, proceeding outwards, but at such a pace as to excite no curiosity. Scarcely, however, had the carriage time to leave Tenth street—where our informant first noticed it—than a gentleman, in a high state of excitement, and mounted on a powerful bay horse, came up, riding furiously, and having made a brief enquiry relative to the party in the carriage, and learned they were a short distance in advance of him, dashed off at full speed. This occurrence naturally suggested the idea of an elopement—or something of that sort—and accordingly, Mr. Isaac Osborne, to whom we are indebted for these particulars, in company with another gentleman, who chanced to be passing at the time, started in pursuit, presuming, and justly, that the headlong velocity and strong horse of the single rider would soon bring the chase to an end. Thus they continued, running in a jog trot, until they had passed Fortieth street, when their attention was attracted by the clattering of a horse's hoofs, and in a minute after, the strange horse, but without its rider, dashed madly by them, in the direction of the city. Their curiosity now becoming more ardent, and with a more certain hope of being gratified, Mr. Osborn and his companion increased their speed to a gallop, which they continued until they reached Seventieth street, where they found the dismounted horseman lying on the road side, in a state of insensibility, and a man and a woman chafing his temples, and rubbing his hands, in order to restore him. And, on further examination, Mr. Osborn discovered that the unfortunate gentleman had received a severe wound, apparently given with a heavy, blunt instrument, on the side of the head, and that the thumb of his right hand was broken. He further perceived a heavy club lying on the ground, which he remembered to have seen in the hand of the gentleman who was now before him. Mr. Osborn then questioned the man and woman, and obtained from them the following additional particulars.

They had perceived the carriage driving on at a rapid pace, and the single gentleman in pursuit—and the moment the latter came up with the vehicle, he struck at one of the parties within with his club.—The gentleman in the carriage then snapped a pistol in the face of the rider, but it missed fire, whereupon he jumped out of the carriage, and at the same instant, the horseman sprang to the ground and grappled with him. The parties then struggled fiercely with each other for about half a minute, but the single rider, being by much the largest and most powerful man, flung his opponent to the ground, and put his knee upon his breast, and was commencing to beat him violently upon the face with his clenched hand, when suddenly the lady threw herself out of the carriage—and having seized the club which had fallen from the horseman's hand, she dealt his horse a tremendous blow, which caused it to dash off like mad in the direction of the city. She then advanced upon the struggling parties, and struck at the head of her late pursuer, but he parried the blow with his right hand, thereby receiving the injury in his thumb. In the following instant, however, the lady effected her apparent purpose, for her second blow took effect on the side of the wounded man's head, and caused him to loose his hold, and fall over quite senseless. The heroine of the scene then assisted her companion, who appeared to be considerably hurt, into the carriage—and then drove off as fast as the horse could carry them.

Mr. Osborn further informed us, that after considerable exertion the wounded man was sufficiently restored to walk with assistance to the Bowery, where he had his head and thumb dressed by Dr. Stacy; and on the way the gentleman told Mr. O. that the lady who had injured him was his own niece, who had lived with him from childhood—that they were but three weeks in this city, during which time she had become acquainted with the person she was running away with—who he believes is a young lawyer—and further, that she is worth in her own right upwards of three hundred thousand dollars when she comes of age, which will be in a few months. The name of the wounded gentleman is George F. Ledwith, of Augusta, Georgia, who, with his niece, had recently arrived from Europe—and the lady's name is Evaline Hamilton, but we have not been able to discover the name of the fortunate lawyer. Mr. Ledwith also informed Mr. Osborn that the lady is very beautiful, and that she had treated him with the most devoted tenderness and affection until the period of the occurrence related above.

There is so much romance in all this, that we doubted its accuracy till we received a note requesting a suppression of names if it met our attention, the which there would be no use in doing now, the writer must see, as it has been already made public in the Whig.

Express.

YANKEE EDITORS IN GOTHAM.

[From the Morning Despatch.]

"Almost every press in this city has in it some very clever gentlemen from down East, which fact, while it gives so much superiority and interest to the N. York press, would admonish us not to draw down a hornet's nest about our ears, by supposing that Boston folks are not always to have the preference."—*Star.*

The above set us to thinking; and counting upon our fingers, we find the Star is more than half right about the number of onion eaters that have wormed themselves in here, despite the ghosts of the old Dutch Governors and their descendants. Beginning at the post office, with the *Express*, we find them all Yankee "downeast as darnation," as Jonathan Slick might say. Pass on to the *Tattler*, and the editors are from Boston and Portland; the *Whig* editor is from New Hampshire; the *Sun* folks, with one exception, are down east; the *Dispatch*, with no exception, do. do.; the *Signal*, Yankee entire; the *Herald* money articles and ship news are done by two Yankees, and the rest of its people are from places unknown; the senior editor of the *Commercial* is Yankee; the editors of the *Evening Post* do.: the *Gazette* senior is Connecticut; the *Journal of Commerce* is thoroughly Yankee; the assistant editor of the *Courier and Enquirer* is a Yankee; and thus we can count twelve among the dailies, and dare say there are more. The *Star*, *American*, and *Times*, and the two *Eras*, are the only uninfected papers—but of the Times we are not sure.

Pass to the weeklies. General Morris's right hand man and active editor in the *Mirror* is a Yankee. The *Spirit of the Times* is Yankee. The *Corsair*, ditto. *New Yorker*, do. N. Y. *Observer*, do.; and most of the religious papers. The *Ladies Companion* is in Yankee hands—all except the proprietor. The editor of the *Knickerbocker* is a Yankee. The *New York Review* is in New England hands. Hunt, of the *Merchants' Magazine* is Yankee, and no mistake. But we have not time to go farther, though we might; and as to re-printing all the Yankee names of literary loafers, and businessmen, who are of Yankee extraction, resident in this city, we cannot do it, without invading old father Longworth's Directory copyright.

New England is the Scotland of these United States. The jealous might say that as dog won't eat dog, the Jonathans are driven away from home to forage. Happen that how it may, we find York pretty considerable of a darned nice place; and if agreeable to the Star, we reckon upon stopping a while, and making ourselves "to home." "Nothing like leather," as they say, "in the town where we come from." It is sleek and soft, and pliable, and will sit snug any where, like cod fish vertebræ in the eyelet holes of a Cape Cod mermaid's corsets. With marline or cod line for lacings, they get a mighty strong purchase on Sunday their lace-ups, and brace up perpendicular till they bend backwards.

To go back to leather. Nobody is so like leather as the Yankees. They carry the injunction to do in Rome as Romans do, wherever they land. They learn to make themselves useful, from the time that they drive the cows home, while they are yet but knee high to that quadruped, until the hour when they are called to give up their "reckonings," "calculations," and surmises, for the right down sure certainty of death.

That is the secret of the Yankee's success. "D—n the fellow," a Southerner may say—"but he's useful, and I can't do without him." "Any work for a fellow?" said a fresh imported specimen across our counter the other day. "No," was the answer. "You don't know of any body round here that wouldn't like to hire nobody, do you?" "No." Still the chap hung about the counter. The clerk's attention was called away, and upon returning he found the chap as busy folding penny papers as if hired by the job. "Only thought I might be dewing a little something while I waited." "But who told you to wait?" "Oh, nobody said I shouldn't, and I didn't know but something might turn up if I did—but if you're so almighty stuck up, I won't charge any thing for what I have done. Good morning—and I hope you'll be here when I come back." So he walked, and we'll bet he has wormed himself into a situation before this time. If he has not, it is no fault of his own, at any rate; and, if he has, his employer finds no fault with him, we'll be bound.

The whigs are all in the *Marcellus* vein just now—'More true joy, &c.'

By the way, speaking of '*Marcellus*' we are reminded of a good story told by the lamented P——d, who was a wit of the first water. He, in company with several of the city magistrates was once invited to dinner, by a person of more wealth than education, at which some admirable wine was specially promised. When it came on, the host, after stating it was a present from a friend, looked round the company with great complacency to get their opinion of its merits. "My friends" said he, "states in his note that it is '*Marcella*,' and admirable wine—what do you think of it Mr. P——d?" "Why," said P., setting down his glass—"if it was my *Mar*, I'd *sell-her* d—— quick.

Signal.

A Bankrupt Merchant at the West says that his business has been so bad that he could not pay his debts even if he had the money.

Ib.

MY IRISH TUTORSHIP.

BY A TRINITY BACHELOR.

Chap. I.

It is now five years ago that I looked, for the last time, perhaps, on the Gothic turrets of Granta, having received, a few hours before, from the vice-chancellor himself (that venerable incarnation of Alma Mater), the immortal degree of *Artium Baccalaureus*.

As I stood on the crowded floor of the Senate-house awaiting my apotheosis, I beheld around me a generation of gownsmen, who, like myself, were about to exchange the tranquil solitudes and ethereal speculations of college, for the stirring realities of life; who, in short, had finished their "Cambridge course," and whose happy spirits were newly released from the rigors and perplexities of their mathematical probation.

But the reflections of inceptive bachelors are not always so free and light-hearted, being not unvisited in sundry instances by the academic phantasmata of proctors' fines and tutors' impositions, of squandered hours and blighted hopes, of bacchanalian revels, college bills, and empty pockets. How far these shadowy visions might have blended with my lighter fancies is not now to the purpose, though it is to the purpose that the present history is indebted for its existence to some of their corresponding realities. I had resolved, upon leaving the university, to reinforce my exchequer by turning my humble acquirements to some profitable account; but the only immediate chance that I had of carrying that resolution into effect was the offer (which I readily accepted) of a tutorship in the South of Ireland.

What Trinity man is there that is not proud of his college? that does not feel his heart swell, and his cheek glow, when, for the first or the last time, he walks those silent cloisters, and gazes upon those ancient turrets, all teeming with glorious and immortal memories? With regard to myself, I felt, moreover, the greatest affection for old Trinity. That was verily the golden age of my existence. How many sunny hours did I dream away under the shade of those chesnut-trees, and on the banks of that river! How many a midnight did my lamp gleam through that latticed window as I sought for truth in the soul-breathing pages of the ancients, or revelled in the wild magnificence of their poetry! It was during the hour of vespers that I lingered through the outer quadrangle of Trinity on the evening of my departure. The dreamlike tones of the organ fell on my ear at the moment I was passing under the gateway of Newton's Tower—to me that heavenly music was the dirge of happy hours then departed; the world was all before me; I turned to take a last look, but my eyes filled with tears; and, bidding old Trinity a long, long farewell, I walked hastily away.

But the Fates had predetermined, gentle reader, not to let us off quite so sentimentally. Upon arriving at the inn whence I was to start per coach for London, I found the vehicle besieged by a swarm of collegers, who had made themselves apparent there for the philanthropic purpose of seeing off an elegant miscellany of brother Cantabs, upon whom the parting bottle of that Tartarean puddle called Cambridge port seemed to have fully accomplished its duty. These finished scholars, six in number, and all "outsides," had recently dignified the bachelor's hood, and were now employing their few last moments at the sage and virtuous University of Cambridge in various appropriate ways: such as in cursing the extortionate souls of the porters who had brought their luggage; in blessing the sweet little eyes of the damsels who were bringing them brandy; in shouting forth sundry broken staves of some edifying canticle; in crowing, bleating, caterwauling, and other zoological exercises; in proposing to the circumambient multitude three cheers for "Sidney," "Barnwell," "Mr. Simeon," &c., and three groans for the proctors and the big wigs; in reiterating their tenderest wishes to be remembered to "Black Fan," to "Long Jane," and other estimable young persons; and, finally, in exhorting the coachman to drive to the ——, the proprietor of a certain remote establishment.

What I have here reduced to some kind of intelligible order was, in reality, a scene of the wildest confusion, in which the performers were strenuously enacting their several parts at the same moment. "All right!" having been duly pronounced, the six bachelors lifted up their voices in a triumphant but discordant hurrah, which was promptly responded to in languge of the most affectionate encouragement. "Go it, ye cripples!" "Keep your body up, Jones!" "I say, Gumley, mind your eye!" with similar prudent and friendly admonitions. It must be confessed, however, that the exemplary youths who had given utterance to them did not, somehow or other, seem to participate in the boisterous merriment of their evanescent companions. *They*, alas! could only look to their degrees across the yawning gulf of a Senate-house examination: there were heights of wisdom which they had not as yet attained, not having kept all their terms; although, to a practised observer, their lacerated gowns and battered trenchers indicated considerable advances towards scholastic perfection. They had evidently arrived at the latter stages of college vegetation—the green and sullen bud of the freshman had expanded into the gay, ethereal blossom of the soph; and the fruit was now delectable to look upon, though not yet sufficiently ripe to be—*plucked*.

Chap. II.

Oh, the miseries of a steam-packet! To breathe an atmosphere thickened with the dun smoke of Tartarus, and the mawkish vapor of a wash-house, and seasoned with the fumes of reeking train-oil, and cinders quenched in bilge-water! To walk a rolling, pitching, treacherous, vertiginous deck, with a black north-wester blowing in your teeth, and every now and then a sharp jet of spray splashing in your intelligent face! To be haunted by a confused sea-sick vision of whirling clouds and a see-sawing horizon; swells of the first water, with curled and powdered periwigs; and furious paddle-wheels churning the brine into a *soufflé!* To be semi-suffocated in a long, narrow cupboard of a dormitory, listening, hour after hour, to the throes of the engine, the creaking of the timbers, and the fierce washing of the waves along the planks of your berth, with ever and anon the heavy shock of some drunken, insolent billow, that reels against the poor afflicted vessel, making her all streaming wet, and giving her a violent spasm in the side! But now she swims along calmly and fluently; the clank and racket of the machinery at length subside; down goes the anchor; the fizzing and roaring of the steam, the poppling and plapping of the water, the tumult of voices, and the hauling of luggage, announce our arrival in the haven where we would be; we spring to the deck, and, in another moment, press the emerald soil of Hibernia.

Leaving Waterford, I proceeded by an early stage-coach to a small town thirty Irish miles distant, where I found that, in order to reach my destination on that day, it was necessary I should submit to be jolted seven miles across the country in a rickety, lumbering commodity, facetiously called a post-chaise (an apparition of dust, cobwebs, and rottenness, that to me was intensely tragic-comical), drawn by a stunted, plethoric black cob, and a tall, white, thin-gutted Rosinante, that seemed far better qualified for the spectral chase in *Der Freischutz* than for any mortal employment. On arriving at a hamlet which lay within three miles of Cloughnagashill (that being the place whither I was proceeding to exercise the functions of a tutor), the chaise was hailed by a peasantly but decently dressed fellow, with a knowing, broad humored expression of face, that was rendered still more comical by the jaunty, self-important set of his rusty *caubeen*.

"Who-hoo!" he exclaimed, addressing the postillion; "asy a minit. Is that the tuthorer inside o' the carr'ge?"

"Divil a know I know; asy axin, anyhow."

"Pwah! to blaizes wid ye! Bag pardon, sur, but my name, indeed, is Thady O'Houligan; av coorse you hard ov the O'Houligan family, sur? Maybe you're the tuthorer that's kim to the counthry fur to taich Masther Willim, bekase I brought the jauntin' car from Square O'Brady's, to dhrive yer hanor to the house."

"Very well, my good fellow; I'm quite ready."

"Whethen I'm right glad fur to see yer hanor; you're kindly welkim, indeed, sur!'

The requisite arrangements having been made, we mounted the car and drove off.

"I s'pose you kim acrass in a staymer, sur?" said Thady. "Divil whip ye! git 'long out o' *that*, now! D'ye see, sur? d'ye see that thief iv a pig lyin' right in the middle o' the road, there? Out o' *that*, ya vagabone! No, sur, nor he wont, aither."

"You can pass on this side."

"Augh, very will, your hanor. Now, sur, the blaggard does only be doin' that jist to be purvokin', bekase thim he ladges wid there is all Repalers, an' he knows I'm no frin' to Dan O'Connell. Augh! they're the obstinatest craythurs brathin', them pigs. By the same token, there been grate doins here wid the Repalers; tirrible itsilf, but they'll nat titch the likes o' you, sur."

"I'm under no such apprehension, certainly."

"Sure an' you're right there, howsandiver; fur it's nat very aften they kills tuthorers, as I know by."

"Not very often!"

"Sartinly nat, sur. Maybe yiv hard till o' wan Misther O'Flaherty?"

"What of him?"

"Why, thin, he's the boy that was tuthorer beyant at Ballydundhrum."

"What, was he murdered?"

"Will, now, the parpethwraytors only mistaken him fur the dain, you see."

"The dean!"

"Why, O'Flaherty, you persaive, that was ould enough to be yer hanor's fadthre, is the boy that taiched the childhre beyant at Ballydundhrum."

"But whose children?"

"Now that's what I'm jist tellin' yer hanor: sure the dain's own childhre, divil ither; an' the dain is the fadthre to the craythurs."

"Mistook him for the dean!"

"Be me sowl an' it's nat jokin' I am; 'twas a grate hanor fur O'Flaherty, though."

"Well, but—I don't exactly understand."

"Thin I'll be afther makin' it all plane an' expadient to yer capacity. Wan Sunday mornin' whin I was thryin' and sthrivin' all I could—whoo! divil an' all, ye see—to complate washin' the big brash knocker afore confission, thit didn' taste a bit iv a scrubbin'-brish sin' the creaytion, Biddy (that's the cook) outs wid her awn fat, durty face, out o' the windy in a thrimble ov fright; an'—och! sitch a scrame, be Jaiminy! I niver hard the like afore or sin'. 'Tundher an' turnip-taps!' siz I, 'is it cracked y'are?' 'Hivven alive!' siz she; 'Oh, it's the dhrame I had the night! Ah, thin, Thady, darlin', luk now! Och, blissed etarnity! don't ye see what's nat there? 'Divil sweep ye! what's the matthre *now* at all?' siz *I*. 'Mither in glory!' siz she; "all the sints in righteousness! his cordherys is nat out 'pon the windy-powl!' So I ups that instant-moment an' luks acrass the bog. 'B' th' houly!' siz I, 'the world's kim to an ind, fur his cordherys is nat out *this* blissed mornin', an' *that's* thruth.' Accoordianly—(maybe, sur, you'd like to git aff, jist to ase Nitmag up this bit av a hill?—we'll see the place I'm spakin' about whin we're at the top)—I powdhers away down the road, an' who should I met but wan o' the laborers, runnin' for the dear life to till us the corp was jist found. Ogh, ogh! but the villains had knocked him an the hid, sure enough, an' him no time to make his sowl, or resave the binifit o' the blissid ointment, glory be to God'! an' we niver known this minit who done it, barrin' a bit o' writin' was stick'd up by som wan or ither an the chapel dure the night afther, sayin', as might be, that the stone they threwn was nat intended fur the shkulemasthre, an' axin' his pardon for thim makin' the mistake. There, sur, now! d'ye see, sur?—right away here at the ind o' my finger; that little white house wid two windy, wan over the ither? Will, the top wan was O'Flaherty's; an' if you sarcumspict it narrily—jump up here, till you see, sur—you'll observe a bit iv a powl purjectin' from it thit's been kep up iver sin' out o' rispick to his cordhery's; for that now is where he used to hang thim ivery Sunday mornin' univarsally, barrin' the rainy day was in it."

"For what purpose."

"Only for the houlsimness, sur; jist, ye see, to git a taste o' the mornin' air an thim. Now we'll be down on the feer in a jiffy or two; it's the Rathnakilty feer-day, sur. Howsandiver, the nager that had a hand in the writin' sid as much that 'twas their intintion to massacray the dain (we'll be dhrivin' by his place immajently; he lives contagious to this, sur) after him dinin' at Cloughnagashill, only the parpethwraytors hit the tuthorer in mistake, by rason the darkness was in it, as he was comin' from the shebeen-house that same night. Och an' willelu! may the houly innicents light his pipe in glory this day!"

By this time we had reached the town of Rathnakilty. Thady, as he drove slowly through the fair, squaring his elbows and handling the ribands with peculiar grace (peculiar to himself, that is), had a word for every one. "Larry, boy, how's ivery shovelful o' ye?" "Lave aff, now, you gom! none o' yer thricks wid thim whirligigs; you'll frecken the harse, I till ye!" "Now, is that Norah? Will, it's yersilf that's lookin' beauthiful acolleen." "Sheelah, *hist!* d'ye see, sur?—th—that gurl jist turned into the Cat an'—an' Bagpipes, here? Och! the purtiest little—hem!—ugh!—it's droothy work this dhrivin', sur! Bag, pardon, yer hanor, wan minit, till I stap in for a sup o' whisky, by rason my throath is gone dhry an me—jist *wan* minit, sur!"

After waiting in the street nearly ten minutes, and undergoing the scrutiny of some two or three hundred gazers, I was rejoined by Thady, who made a desperate effort to atone for his delay by driving recklessly through the fair, to the consternation of numerous pigs, and other listless individuals; so that in another minute we had cleared the town, and regained the open road.

"Only a mile to Cloughnagashill, now, sur; we'll be there fully in time for dinner. Will, now, I've nat the laste doubt you'll have a very dacent place, sur; niver a house bear a bether correcther in the regard av atin' an' dhrinkin', an' the like; indeed, thin, betune uz, you'll nat be noways necessiated."

"Highly satisfactory, certainly."

"You may say that, sur, an' thin—augh but they're the plisint family itsilf. I'm livin' wid 'em now aight year, nigh hant it."

"In what capacity?"

"Is it the what I do, sur? Will, now, I was never ax'd that questin afore; raaly, now, I——; indeed, thin, it id be hard to say what it is; its every thing. I think, though its nothin' perthickler in the manetime,—helpin' the masthre, an' the misthiss, an' the young laidies—och! but I'd like ye—though it'll nat be long afore you see the one I mane,—that's Miss Letty, the beauthiflest——Will, will—there's the dain's place, sur."

"Beautiful, is she?"

"O, thin, she is that same. Sure the houl family feels grate pride out of Miss Letty. Augh, an' to see her fadthre, how he do dote upon her, the kind-hearted gintleman, thit he is. Thin there's anither, though she's not a sisther, but a soort iv—— will, I don't rightly ondherstan' the chranalagy iv it; but she's not like Miss Letty at all."

"Not so beautiful!"

"Augh, no comparishment! Now, here we are, yer hanor. There's the dhressin bell a-ringin. I'd go bail they seen us. Hould hard, sur; we'll go like the very dickens long the aveny, right up to the dure."

"But why?"

"Augh, sur, why fur the hanor iv it, to be sure."

Accordingly Thady proceeded to slake his thirst for glory, by driving furiously up to the house, and pulling up so suddenly as almost to have projected my person from the vehicle, in spite of the precautions I had taken for countervailing the *vis inertiæ*.

Chap. III.

During the discussion of the soup, the fish, the weather, and other preliminaries—ere Bacchus has thawed the heart, or tipped the tongue with eloquence—I might present to my readers some of the persons who, on Candlemas Day, in the year of grace 1834, surrounded the festive board at Cloughnagashill.

Of the worthy host I have only to say—need one say more?—that he was a genuine sample of the good old school,—a plain, honest, benevolent country gentleman, who delighted in promoting the happiness of everybody about him, a staunch supporter of Church and State,—and a sacramental enemy to "Popery, brass money, and wooden shoes."

Mrs. O'Brady was a person of an even, placid disposition,—a well-meaning woman, who, though possessing the usual complement of social and domestic virtues, was, nevertheless, unfortunately tainted by a fanatical epidemic which had recently made its appearance among the Protestants of the vicinity. Lady O'Flyaway, who resided near Cloughnagashill, having been prevailed upon, while on a visit with her uncle in the north of England, to attend certain meetings of new-light seceders, had returned, glowing with zeal, to get up a new light sect, and build a new light chapel at Rathnakilty. With this view, she admitted to her parties those only who were inclined to co-operate in her designs; so that within a surprisingly short time she had enlisted half the ladies in the neighborhood.

Though Mr O'Brady foamed at the mouth when he became aware of his wife's association with the new lights, he had yet so far acquiesced in the unavoidable state of things as to endure at his own table the occasional presence of their favorite pastor,

> "A little, round, fat, oily man of God,"

who sat opposite to me, rejoicing in the tail of a turbot and the title of Dr Hoggins. His head, which seemed to be immediately connected with his shoulders (his neck being a mere *enthymeme*), was covered with light hair so short and stubbly as to give his reverend scalp the semblance of a mound that had recently undergone the operation of the reaping-hook. This goodly personage had been preferred from a lay station to his present appointment, through the recommendation of Lady O'Flyaway; his lively expatiations, and his restless desire for the priestly office, having been regarded by that lady as indubitable evidences of our fat friend's call to the ministry. To her ladyship's influence was superadded the petition of her uncle's tenantry, among whom the doctor had exercised for a season the delicate and endearing functions of bailiff to the manor. On his induction, therefore, the venerable gentleman,—having suddenly transmuted himself into a *reverend doctor*—proceeded to enact the opening of the new-light chapel; and having at that "opportunity" pronounced a magniloquent oration before Lady O'Flyaway, in which he mellifluously likened her ladyship to the Queen of the South hearing the wisdom of Solomon, the tabernacle was thereupon glorified with the epithet of *Sheba!*

I was seated beside a lady who responded to the dulcet *pat*ronymic of O'Swagger—a lean, flat specimen of virginity, who had walked in short petticoats and saintly labors for many years;—being desirous, on one hand, to keep upon good terms with the world, by resigning to its admiration a pair of shrivelled ancles, *et cetera;* and, on the other, to ensure a title to the skies by depositing her whole person four times every week in her pew, and employing herself whilst there in muttering the responses, turning to the tables for the proper lessons, and fumbling out the text in her pocket-bible. Miss O'Swagger wore a muslin cap, the frill of which radiated from her head in the form of a glory, and threw its fitful shadow over a springlike region of young nutbrown ringlets; though had the eye of discovery travelled beyond this genial zone towards the pole, it might have strayed over wastes of sterile and wintry desolation. **Some of her points would be invaluable acquisitions to the curiosities of zoology. She had a frightful habit of expanding her eyes, until, what with their form and their color, they strikingly resembled the optics of a bilious conger. Her lips were long, loose, and twitchy, possessing no determinate form or mutual adjustment whatever; so that when they went abroad in speech or laughter, it was amusing to observe the manifold ways in which they would return home again. Her face suggested to one's fancy a withered, weather-bleached leaf of a Savoy cabbage; and her teeth, the ruins of a conflagration.** Our venerable sister seemed to be continually vibrating between the extremest points of emotion. Her cheeks would be now prolonged with yearning commiseration at the awful responsibility of the heathen, and now distorted with triumphant merriment by some new contribution to her treasury of private scandal; at one moment they would present themselves in a state of sallow frigidity and collapse; while at another you might see the sacred tripe burning with the deep flush of some unholy passion. Upon those who dared to controvert a single iota of her creed, her eyes would fall with the petrifying glare of Medusa; and then, perhaps, turn elsewhere, to enact the rolling witchery and swimming languishment of flirtation. Her vocal functions, too, operated upon a most extensive scale, and were subject to similar fits of transition. In ten seconds she would traverse the whole gamut, from the muffled tones of secresy, or the hollow mutterings of horror, up to the sharp twang of spleen, or the wild scream of malicious exultation. The wit or humor that would set the table in a roar could seldom work any other effect upon Miss O'Swagger than to screw her lips and irritate her throat; while at other times, without any obvious or alleged cause, she would go off in a fit of obstreperous and irrepressible laughter. As to the first case, however, her afflicted soul was every where surrounded by such objects of hatred, or contempt, or envy, or jealousy, that there was scarcely a creature upon earth (besides herself) capable of uttering a jest that she could conscientiously laugh at; and there were those who occasionally interpreted the second case, by perceiving that her vigilance had detected in the conversation some casual word or phrase felicitously applicable to the purposes of a malignant innuendo against some individual then present; the object of her laugh being, first, to interrupt the discourse at that critical point, so as to give the fatal expression all possible significance and relief; and, secondly, to ring like the yell of a demon in her victims' ears, while the insult was burning into their hearts. This, she flattered herself, was a refinement of malice particularly exquisite and *recherchè* But she had recourse to a *variety* of expedients for giving vent to those rising corruptions of our unfortunate nature which, if suffered to remain pent up in the bosom of a pharisaical spinster (especially one of long standing), have the melancholy effect on some occasions of ruffling that sweet serenity, and of clouding that gracious satisfaction which it is her unspeakably peculiar privilege to enjoy, when nothing happens to vex her beatified spirit. Where Miss O'Swagger, therefore, found it inconvenient or impolitic to annoy the present or defame the absent, by open and undisguised assault, her old Adam could, notwithstanding, invariably accomplish his purpose by means of some concealed and subtle artifice,—by verbal hint or parallel instance,—by pause or emphasis,—by a knowing glance or a vacant stare,—by a dry cough, or a silly smile, or a suppressed titter,—by laying her finger mysteriously on her lip, or lifting her shrivelled palms to the general gaze, and then letting them drop as if suddenly paralysed. In short, such was her anxiety to preserve the purity of the spirit by throwing out the bitterness of the flesh, that few could come within the rays of her angelical love without feeling the darts of her womanly spite: if you avoided her, she would talk at you,—conversed with her, she would contradict you,—differed from her, she would attack you,—piqued her, your reputation died the death!

At her father's side, the beloved of his heart (and of whose heart was she not the beloved?) sat Letty O'Brady, a fair, bright-haired creature, whom the vital soul of health and beauty had flushed into a perfect Hebe. Her tresses hung in rich luxuriant clusters, sometimes sweeping and sometimes revealing her graceful, swanlike neck,—while a few of their light golden tendrils drooped and floated upon a bosom of radiant whiteness. The tones of her voice, modulated by the accent of her country, were thrillingly exquisite. Her manners were gentle and elegant, and free from the slightest tinge of affectation; there was no acting, no straining at effect, no practical falsehood Though past her teens, her ineffable sweetness of temper, her maidenly blushes, her childlike simplicity and playfulness, were speaking evidences of how little the world had done to corrupt this genuine child of nature. Yet there was a deep soul within her of which she seemed wholly unconscious. Her eyes, that ever beamed with the soft heaven of love and innocence, were sometimes kindled into sublimity by the spirit of intelligence that broke fitfully from their pure lucid depths. The arch, light-hearted girl, whose life was now all calm and sunshine, little dreamed of those hidden well-springs of her affection that were yet unbroken by sorrow or adversity,—of that passionate devotion and that heroic endurance which now slept within her peaceful bosom. Her religion—oh, she was *all* religion! Every thought, every word, every action—the prayer that rose from her lip, the tear that trembled in her eye, the charity that fell from her hand—all were pure and blessed. Her beauty and tenderness, her heavenly truth, the soft light that breathed from her eloquent presence—all seemed to bespeak her a being of some brighter and happier clime. Truly, thou wert a seraphic vision—a creature of love, and joy, and music—too ethereally gentle for the rude air of a heartless world!

Rachel O'Brady, the cousin of Letty, was a young lady with light hair, pale cheeks, and ultra new-light views. She possessed a kind of Protean versatility, that frustrated all attempts to reduce her to a determinate idea. Her face appeared to belong sometimes to a child of fourteen, and sometimes to a woman of five and-twenty; at one moment she discoursed with all the gravity of a sage, while at another she trifled like a perfect simpleton. Though a desperate little Pharisee, she had yet a *naiveté* of manner that was inconsistent with perfect hypocrisy, and a kindness of heart that had saved her from becoming, in the strict sense of the phrase, *truly serious;* which is, being translated out of modern Evangelese, *truly disagreeable*.

Edward O'Brady, the son of the worthy host, had been recently called to the Irish bar. He was a person of a generous disposition, and a lively fancy. For the rest, his merits as a young man were chiefly negative; he was not vain, he was not opinionated,—in short, he was not a puppy.

"Miss O'Swagger! glass o' wine?" said Mr. O'Brady.

"Hm—— please."

"Your very good health. By the bye, I saw you out to-day. Walking far."

"Collecting day."

"Augh, what——a——?"

"Bugaboo cause."

"Umph! ugh-a!"

"You were never in Ireland before, Mr. Vincent?" asked Mrs. O'Brady.

"Never," I replied.

"Rather a wild disthrict, sir, you'll find this, 'specially at this season," said her husband; "but we must try to make it agreeable t'ye one way or another."

"Reading and meditation my be enjoyed here with peculiar advantage," observed Rachel, patriotically boasting the resources of the country.

"Well, and the shooting is not bad by any *means*," added her uncle.

"And there has been a Branch Tract Society lately established in our midst," subjoined Rachel; "*several* gentlemen have put down their names as collectors.

"Well, well! never mind the thracks know," said her uncle, impatiently.—"You came through the fair, Mr. Vincent—pretty full, or how?"

I answered in the affirmative, making some remark at the same time upon its gaiety, notwithstanding the unfavorableness of the weather.

"Augh, that makes not the laist difference to them; nat'rally inclined to be continted and happy onder any circumstances. Thousand pities they should be misled as th' are, poor creatures! Strange characters, some of our Irish boys,—dancing and rollicking as merry as fairies to-day, with perhaps the prospect of starvation before 'em to morrow,—one time willing to sacrifice their very lives to do any mortal a kindness, and the next hour maybe joining in some murderous riot."

"You *never heard* of such indecision of character, Mr. Vincent," observed Rachel.

"There has been some fear of a disturbance *here* for this last day or two, but I hope and trust that every thing may pass off quietly," said Mr. O'Brady.

"The excitement is principally owing to that madcap, Patrick O'Rourke," remarked Edward.

"That fellow," said his father, "is for ever about the shebeen-houses and places, making inflammatory speeches (for Pat thinks no small of his oratory), and instigating the boys to commit some breach o' the peace."

Here some lively references were made by Edward and his father to certain oratorical displays of the said Patrick O'Rourke; which, however, did not prevent me from overhearing Rachel say, in a subdued tone, to Miss O'Swagger, who sat next her,—

"Oh, my *dear*, I was in the store-room one day with Biddy, and so says she, 'Och, if there isn't O'Rourke in the haggart talkin' to coachman!' 'Well!' says I. 'Lord purtict us, Miss Rachel,' says she, 'but I heerd say he'd kimmit repale as soon as look!' Oh, I was so frightened!"

The conversation becoming now somewhat brisk at the other end of the table, Mr. Hoggins thought it a favorable opportunity to set about making himself agreeable.

"Mrs. O'Brady—ahem!—will you kindly do me the pleasure of a little wine, ma'am?"

"If you please."

"Thank you, ma'am, I—ahem!—madeira, ma'am, or sherry, or ——"

"I'll take a little sauterne, doctor."

"Little sawtang, ma'am?—yes, ma'am. Oh, dear, dear!—I—I hope I've not wetted you, ma'am?" cried the doctor, who, miscalculating, perhaps, the contents of the bottle, had turned its mouth toward the lady's glass so eagerly, that the wine gushed forth upon the cloth.

"Well, sir," said he, addressing me, after the ceremony of drinking with the hostess, "does the spirit of inquiry seem to be manifesting itself among the young men at Cambridge College, sir?"

"Ha, ha, ha! don't you think she is, doctor—eh?" cried Mr. O'Brady, who seemed particularly amused at something that had passed between him and some of the ladies.

"Surely, sir—most assuredly—a—" answered the divine; then turning with a look of inquiry toward Mrs. O'Brady, "I—I didn't—a—exactly understand, ma'am—a——"

"Oh, you *do* think so? *Indeed!*" exclaimed Miss O'Swagger, stretching her bust toward the doctor, while the flaring border of her cap quivered convulsively from side to side. "And pray, sir, what *reason* did I ever *give* you to think so?"

"What is it, my dear?" asked Mrs. O'Brady, in evident alarm.

"Here's Dr. Hoggins declaring publicly that he thinks I'm in love with him—phuph!"

"My dear ma'am, I—I—it was quite a—a—a—O dear, dear!"

"Oh, I dare say doctor didn't understand what uncle said," observed Rachel.

"Exactly—a—that's wh—what it was, Miss Rachel—yes, miss. Pleasure of a little wine, Miss Rachel?"

After the amusement occasioned by Dr. Hoggins's blunder had subsided, the conversation was again carried on by two distinct parties; Edward (who sat next the doctor) attaching himself to our end of the table, while his father entertained the ladies, who were situated at the other.

"Much obliged for that little work of the great Mr. Robert Montgomery you kindly sent in, ma'am."

"I shall be happy to hear that you like it, doctor."

"O yes, ma'am—quite a mental treat, ma'am!—most talented penman is Mr. Robert. O dear, dear! there seems to be such a richness in his views, ma'am—such a—a gathering home, as it were. I feel desirous of some acquaintance with Satan, Mr. Edward. If you knew how I might be gratified in that particular ——"

"I should be happy to put you in the way, doctor. I've no doubt that Satan would afford you a memorable example of what you call with so much felicity *a gathering home*. Letty is perfectly familiar with him.

"Edward!" said his mother, chidingly.

"Miss Letty," cried the doctor, addressing that lady, who sat two chairs below him on the same side, "a—you are familiar with Satan, I understand, miss?"

Letty O'Brady, who was at that moment listening to her father, turned suddenly to the quarter whence the question issued, looking inquiringly toward the doctor, and from him to her mother, with a mingled expression of wonder and archness. "What is it?" she asked, with one of her sweetest smiles, and in those accents by which an Irishwoman can sometimes impart a world of fascination to the simplest syllable.

"Satan, miss. I was going to take the liberty of asking how you liked Satan, Miss Letty."

"The doctor means Montgomery's poem, love," said her mother.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, doctor; but I have never seen it."

"Indeed, miss, indeed? O me! I—a—pleasure of a little wine, Miss Letty?" Whereupon the doctor was favored with a graceful bend, which he celebrated by rapturously emptying a brimmer of maderia.

"Ugh-a! ugh-a!—ahem!—it's only—hem!—a little drop gone the wrong way, ma'am. O dear! I hope Miss Letty didn't misunderstand me, ma'am!"

"Why, it is a strange title, it must be confessed," was the reply.

"It is, ma'am. I should have recommended Mr. Robert to adopt Abaddon—or Lucifer, perhaps—as pointing out—a—well, I remember having been peculiarly edified by reading a short memoir of the—the—ahem!—the great enemy of mankind, ma'am, in which the Hebrew word, Lucifer, was expounded as setting forth the primeval office of that individual. O me! I've quite forgot the precise—a—pray, Mr. Edward, what does Lucifer signify?"

"Oh! only a light porter."

"Dear, dear! I'd no idea it was any thing so—so—a—very menial, ma'am. Mr. Vincent, pleasure of a little wine, sir? I was just thinking with myself, how delightful to be employed in the great work of education. What is your opinion of the infant mind, sir?"

"Not Mrs. ——!" exclaimed Miss O'Swagger, startling us all from our propriety.

"Why, I must say that I've a great respect for her," observed Mr. O'Brady.

"Phuph! She *has* that way of making people respect her; but it's nothing but deceit. I've heard about her from two or three —Sheba members, too. Augh! people wouldn't take the trouble to say what they do without very good reason, *I'll* be bound."

"I feel persuaded that you have been misinformed, Miss O'Swagger," observed Edmund; "I never heard her name mentioned before but with the highest esteem."

"Why, you know," replied Miss O'Swagger, laughing, with her face turned towards Edward, while her eyes (as they were wont when their proprietress meant to be exceedingly provoking) glared down upon some object immediately before her, "what every body says must be true."

"I can only say, that the whole world could never shake *my* good opinion of Mrs. ——."

"Bless me, what a champion?" cried Miss O'Swagger, every muscle in her face quivering with rage. "I hope you'll find the widow sensible of her obligation. He, he, he?"

"Mrs. ——," said Edward, warmly, "is quite independent of my advocacy; but I should feel very sorry to believe one syllable to the prejudice of that lady, on the bare authority of a set of envious, puritanical scandal-mongers."

This burst of indignation was followed by a dead silence of nearly a minute, during which interval Miss O'Swagger sat as if her nerves had been "all chained up in"—*not* "alabaster" certainly, so let that pass.

"Miss O'Swagger!" exclaimed Dr. Hoggins, in a tone of the most lively and benevolent encouragement.

"Gracious! what?" gasped that lady, starting out of her reverie, and half off her chair at the same moment.

"Pleasure of a—a—little wine, miss—a—?" was the soft and insinuating proposal.

"No—rather not."

Shortly after the dessert had made its appearance, Mrs. OBrady gave the signal for the ladies to withdraw. Miss O'Swagger, however, could not pass Edward without delivering her soul in the following terms:—

"Soh! you've chosen the cause of the *widow* for your *maiden* brief? Ha, ha, ha!—O dear! Don't forget your fee, Edward."

"'A manifest serpent, by her sting
Discovered in the end,'"

muttered Edward, as Miss O'Swagger swaggered out of the room.

"Now, gentlemen, draw round to the fire," said Mr. O'Brady; "this continyence o' rain plays the very deuce with my rheumatism. Come, sir—that's some old port, now, that's been in cork since the French affair in nought-five. Now, doctor, help yourself. Well, what sport, Ned?"

"Only three brace of cocks, and a few snipes, sir."

"Umph!—well, and no reason to complain either, I think—eh, Mr. Vincent?"

I confess myself to be of that opinion.

"'Pon my life, doctor, these youngsters provoke one to death with their *onlys*. Best day they ever get is *only* so many—*only* six-and-thirty brace, and be d—d to them—beg pardon. I used to think five-and-twenty pretty tol'rable in *my* young days. But then there it is, you see, these boys niver *are* continted onless they can beat their old fathers."

"Well, sir," observed the doctor, "perhaps the various recent improvements —I might allude, for example, to the nature and privil —— and advantages, I would say, of shooting with those copper-cushions—its efficacy beyond the former dispensation of flints ——."

"That's what 'tis—hit it exactly, by—hem! Come, doctor, you don't drink; try that port. The young jackanapes, giving themselves all these airs! You know, doctor, and so do I, what a develish good shot a man must ha' been to do much with them old-fashin guns—always hanging fire, and a hundred things."

"Pecisely my own view, sir," was the obsequious response. "I might also enlarge, secondly, on the amazing time they took to go off. I have been informed, sir, that while the powder was kindling in the pan, the partridges, or blackbirds, or what not, would often fly away to a very considerable distance."

"Exactly *so*; —— if you wasn' obliged to pull the thrigger the night before a'most. Ned, pass the wine to the doctor."

Mr. O'Brady exulted in his triumph; the wine circulated freely; and as the bailiff's heart became more abundantly refreshed by the genial baptism, he felt constrained to recount sundry equivocal adventures of his sprightlier years.—After these disclosures, the pastor, supposing, perhaps, that his potations had seduced him beyond the bounds of priestly dignity, recollected that he had to make a call at a neighbouring cottage, and took his departure accordingly.

"Well," said Mr. O'Brady, "that old boy has the bit o' game in him, in spite of his piety."

"Yes, yes," replied Edward; "the cloak is rarely worn so well as not to reveal an occasional glimpse or so of the old Adam."

"Well, that's pretty severe, too; not that I differ from ye in the laist.—*Rather* a little too hard upon Miss O'Swagger, though—eh, Ned?" said his father.

"Oh, I hate such ——"

"Come, my dear boy, proper Christian spirit and temper, you know—rational and—and all that kind o' thing—eh, Mr. Vincent?"

"Sir," replied Edward, in an impassioned tone, "I love and venerate pure religion as much as any man, and would shed my last drop of blood in its defence: but I loathe from my very soul the blasphemous hypocrite who whines forth their canting prayers from the chastened lips of sanctity, while their hearts are sweltering under the fiery and fiendish plague of malevolence."

"Cert'nly, cert'nly—'pon my soul, boy—haw, haw! I think he'd give the lights a bit of a—eh, mister? Help yourself—try that claret, sir. Now we must drink '*The great and glorious memory*' Come!"

That loyal toast was accordingly drunk with all the honours.

"Well, boys," said the warm-hearted host, "I'm now becoming an old man, and I've lived in troublesome times. I've seen the day when Protestantism was in danger of being banished the counthry; but we stood up for our birthright—we fought for the religion of our fathers—and by the help of God we prevailed over our enemies. What the intention of these new lights may be, I don't know; but my 'pinion is that they're not friendly to the 'stablishment by any means, and therefore I never can feel justified in giving 'em the laist countenance or support. 'Tis my glory, boys, to belong to the Church of England as by law established—to the church that has been the means, in the hand of God, of keeping up the true Christian religion through't the land; and, as long as I live, I shall consider it my duty and privilege to stand up for the rights and liberties o' the church, and the institutions o' the counthry. I feel proud, sir, to say that old Ireland is nearest my heart. I have always dwelt among my own people, and endeavoured, I hope, in my humble way, to promote their peace and happiness; for though most of my tenantry and dependants profess another faith, I am far from wishing to bind any man's conscience. Still, I don't feel on that account the less firmly attached to my own church; and my sincere desire and prayer is that the religion which has been my hope and consolation through life, may continye to flourish when these old bones are laid low in the dust. Therefore, boys in these times of newfangled docthrine, I give ye, with my whole heart and soul, '*The good old way!*'"

Bumpers and enthusiasm.

"Ned, did you see any one at the dean's this morning?"

"I did not; but the police are expected down in the course of to-morrow."

"Ah, there will be sad doings, after all, I'm afraid. You have heard a good deal Mr. Vincent, about the state of things here; and sorry I am to say, that the accounts you have respecting us on the other side o' the wather are far too true. The fact is, sir, that the counthry is kept in a state of continyed excitement by a set of knavish demagogues, who are doing all in their power to sow mortal dissention between landlords and tenants—ring the bell Ned—and also between the clergy and the tithe-payers. With respect to my own tenantry, I am happy to say I've no difficulty; but the people of the adjoining domain have lately entered into—hot water, Davidson—a combination to resist the payment of tithes *in toto*, and what the upshot may be I'm not able to say. I should be sorry to see any thing like violent measures had recourse to; but the just rights of the church are not to be trifled with. The Protestant clergy of this counthry, Mr. Vincent, are a most estimable and deserving class of men, who desire and labour to promote a spirit of peace and goodwill in their respective spheres; and I cannot, as a Christian magistrate, stand quietly by and see any of those worthy men reduced to the brink of starvation, may-be, in consequence of illegal combination. On this account I have promised my friend, the dean (who resides near me during the summer months,) all the assistance in my power in this unfortunate business, and by that means have brought upon myself, no doubt, the ill-will of my neighbours; but I pray God that every thing may be amicably settled. Now, sir, as I can't prevail on ye to take more wine, I recommind ye to join me in a tumbler of whiskey punch. You'll find that some of the right sort, now."

Accordingly, after discussing the national tipple over a blazing fire of bog-wood, Edward and myself went to take coffee with the ladies, Mr. O'Brady excusing himself on account of business.

Miscellaneous.

STAGEMEN'S BALL.

It is a custom of some years' standing, for the proprietors and others connected with the stages, residing at Concord, N. H., to give a ball sometime in the month of January. This annual meeting for social relaxation and enjoyment, was held last week at the Eagle Coffee House, in Concord, and was attended by one hundred and fifty couples,—and, the New Hampshire Patriot says, every thing was done up in the neat and elegant style peculiar to the gentlemen of the whip on such occasions. The entertainment, provided by Walker, was excellent, the music first-rate, and the assembly of ladies brilliant. The following song, by Mr. Fuller of Lowell, was sung by him with much applause:—

Old Shakspeare, who understood human affairs,
Said the world was a Stage, and the people all players,
But I a new version will venture to broach,
And for people read *Drivers*, for stage, a *Stage Coach*.
Gee ho dobbin, gee ho dobbin, gee up and gee ho.

How manifest 'tis, every person alive
Who enters life's Coach has an itching to drive,
The infant is striving to drive its mamma,
While she with a broomstick is driving papa.
Gee ho dobbin, &c.

Our great politicians in driving delight,
Yet neglect the direction to keep to the right,
But through thick and thin dash to become public feeders,
Till the people to check them just pull up the *Leaders*.

The soldier's a driver, as all of you know,
In war his delight is in driving the foe;
Our enemies ever he's ready to drub,
Though in peace he's a lady's man *up to the hub*.

The tyrant coquette, as a matter of course,
Thinks her lover must mind the rein, just like a horse,
Discouraged he leaves her—she sees her mistake,
And laments that she did the "*wrong passenger wake*."

Of all the hard driving, the hardest I'm sure
The wretched old bachelor has to endure—
If on earth he would ever true happiness feel,
Let me tell him a wife's the main *spoke in the wheel*.

To those single females who ardently strive,
Yet fear its too late a good bargain to drive,
They're privileged surely, now leap year prevails,
To make their *proposals* to *transport* the *Males*.

And now for a moment let's just take a glance
To our drivers to-night, who have met here to dance:
On occasions like this they're as ready to skip
As horses who jump at the crack of the whip.

May these yearly assemblies continue to thrive,
Good feelings and fellowship keeping alive,
Though occasional discords will visit all men,
Next year may you all meet in *Concord* again.

To this magical circle of Beauty which fills
Our hearts with delight, and true pleasure distills,
When the power of your charms we presume to withstand,
I hope the *Old Driver* will take us in hand.

A CASE IN POINT.

The Albany Daily Advertiser thus relates the case of a steamboat on fire, when the decision of the commander saved the lives of all on board. How surpassingly melancholy is it to reflect, that one such man in the Lexington might have accomplished equal good!

We need not go beyond the limits of our own State for a striking example of how much may be effected in such an emergency by decision and presence of mind on the part of the Captain of the boat. Several years ago a disaster occurred on Lake Champlain, similar in many respects to the burning of the Lexington. One stormy night, as the steamboat Phœnix, with a full load of passengers and freight, was ploughing her way through the waters of Champlain, a fire broke out *at midnight*, and soon raged with irresistible violence. The passengers, roused by the alarm from their slumbers, and waking to a terrible sense of impending destruction, rushed in crowds upon the deck, and attempted to seize the small boats. Here, however, they were met by the Captain, who, having abandoned all hope of saving his boat, now thought only of saving his passengers, and stood by the gangway of his vessel, *with a pistol in each hand*, determined to prevent any person from jumping into the boats before they were properly lowered into the water, and prepared to receive their living freight. With the utmost coolness and presence of mind he superintended the necessary preparations, and in a few minutes the boats were lowered away, and the passengers received safely on board. They then shoved off and pulled through the darkness for the distant shore. As soon as this was reached and the passengers landed, the boats returned to the steamboat and took off the crew, and, as the captain supposed, *every living soul except himself*. But shortly after the boats had left the second time, he discovered under a settee the chambermaid of the Phenix, who, in her fright and confusion, had lost all consciousness. Lashing her to the plank which he had prepared for his own escape, this gallant captain launched her towards the shore; and was thus left alone with his vessel, now one burning pile. Having satisfied himself that no living thing remained on board his boat, and with the proud consciousness that he had saved every life entrusted to his care, he sprung from the burning wreck as it was about to sink beneath the waters, and, by means of a settee, reached the shore in safety.

The above is no exaggerated story. It is the simple narrative of one of the most heroic acts on record. We have only to add the Captain who so faithfully and fearlessly discharged his duty on this trying occasion, is still in command of a noble boat on Lake Champlain, and is known to every traveller as Captain Sherman, of the steamboat Burlington.

Allowance of water to Horses.—It is by no means an uncommon notion that, if horses are to be got into condition for work they should be allowed to drink but a very small quantity of water. On what physiological basis this opinion is founded, I confess appears to me to be a perfect mystery. Nevertheless, as many persons adopt this treatment, it is fitting to notice it. For my own part, I have ever found that it is an extremely bad plan to stint a horse in his water, and have consequently always made a practice of leaving plenty of it at all times within reach of every horse I have had. Of course I do not intend to say that when a horse comes in heated from exercise he should be suffered to drink, or should have a bellyful of water just prior to being ridden; but if a horse be watered *ad libitum* in the morning, he will not require to drink again for some hours, and should never be allowed to do so then unless perfectly cool. Those horses that are only supplied with a limited quantity of water at a time, and are never permitted to slake their thirst fully, will be much more liable to be griped, if at any time they by chance should drink their fill, than those who are always suffered to take as much as Nature dictates to them; but, should a horse have been hard-worked, and come into his stable very hot, I would, after having seen him well dried, only at first give him a small quantity, for two reasons: first, because his eagerness for water may lead him to drink more at a time than is good for him; and secondly, because a large quantity of water will probably cause him to break out into a cold sweat, in which he may remain all night if not looked to. After having taken a third, or less, of a stable pailful of water, he should be kept without any for some time, and then be allowed to take what he pleases. When, however, you intend to stint your horse in this way, do not suffer your groom to offer him a pailful of water, and to take it from him when he has drunk a small portion of it, but let just the quantity you wish him to have, and no more, be given to him; he will then feel to a certain degree satisfied with what he gets; whereas, by taking from him what he expects to have, he becomes fretful and discontented. In the first instance he makes up his *mind* to slake his thirst with a short allowance of water; whereas in the second, his just expectations are baulked in mid career, and his imagination cheated, as it were, in the height of his enjoyment; and there is much more in this than may be generally supposed. Physiologists are well aware of the connexion existing between the stomach and brain; and those who have not inquired into this fact must either do so before they attempt to refute it, or take what I have stated as proved.

London Old Sporting Magazine for Dec.

EXTRAORDINARY COMPETITION.—Three gentlemen, well known in the fashionable world, have made a wager, the oddity of which is likely to give rise to considerable amusement. The first of the parties is to drive a stage-coach; the second is to walk through the country as an itinerant melodist; and the third is to peform four principal dramatic characters, two in tragedy and two in comedy. The greater part of the money obtained by these eccentric adventurers, in their several pursuits, is to be devoted to charitable purposes. The competitor who obtains the largest sum by his exertions, is to be the winner of the wager, which is to the amount of several thousands. We have not heard the "where-abouts" of the Jehu and the Apollo, but it is said that the dramatic aspirant is to make his debut at Edinburgh, and that he will afterwards appear at other provincial theatres. If the report we have heard of his talents proves correct, he will probably complete his career in London, by performing a few nights at one of the great winter theatres.

HORSE RACING AMONG THE COSSACKS.—The horse races among the Cossacks and other tribes in Asiatic Russia, which have been established by the Russian government, took place on the 30th of September, on the Steppes of Ouralsk, where more than 30,000 Cossacks, Tartars, Baskirs, Kajeaks, Kirghis, and Turkomans were assembled. In the first match 15 horsemen entered the hippodrome, the circuit of which they made three times, the winning horse performing a distance of 18 wersts (nearly 12 miles) in 24 minutes. The prize gained by the Cossack who rode it was 6,000 rubles. After this match 60 horsemen started in a race; two came in at the same time—viz., the Sultan Ajsfly Malon, who is a lieutenant-colonel in the Russian service, and a Cossack. A distance of 20 wersts (about 13¼ miles) was performed in 25 minutes. Each of these persons gained 2,500 rubles, and the 58 vanquished horses were divided between them.

A worthy knight and citizen was asked a few days ago, to explain the term *statu quo*, which he did in the following manner: Why, statu quo—s tatu quo belongs to the fine arts—you all know what *co* is—*co* is Latin for *company*, as we see marked, you know, Barclay & Co., Meux & Co—whenever it is more than one, it's always *co*. But I'll describe it to you. You know what a statue is; well, a statue by itself is nothing more than a *statu*, but when there is more than one statue, as, for instance, in the case of Gog and Magog, at Guildhall, or the men at St Dunstan's, why then, that is statue and co—that is, in Latin, *statu quo*.

Phrenology. Combativeness: Coming the "science" over the lamp-post of a dark night.

Philoprogenitiveness: Whipping every body's child but your own.

Calculating: Prognosticating the result of the next election.

Tune: Grinding an organ with two pipes and a half.

Inquisitiveness: Looking over an editor's shoulder while he is writing.

Benevolence: Paying six cents for to-day's paper and begging three or four back numbers.

An Irishman who some time ago was committed to Knutsford House of Correction for a misdemeanor, and sentenced to work on the tread-wheel for a month, observed, at the expiration of his task, "what a great dale of fatague and botheration it would have saved us poor craters if they had but invented it to go by staime, like all other water-mills; for d—l burn me if I have not been going up stairs this four weeks, but never could reach the chamber door at all, at all."

"Well stranger, where are you out'n?" said a landlady of Arkansas to her guest. "Why, madam, I am now from Baltimore, Maryland, but I was born and brought up in Massachusetts, near Boston," said the gentleman. "Aint that whar the Yankees live," said the lady. "Yes ma'am," replied the gentleman. "Law me! you are the very man I have been looking arter this long time,—*my clock is out of fix*," ejaculated the lady in ecstacies of joy

Arkansas Paper.

A Game Transaction.—A Frenchman in New York recently purchased four fat, fine, plump looking squirrels in the market, for which he gave an exorbitant price. He handed them over to his cook, anticipating a delicious repast. Upon stripping them they were found to be mere effigies—nothing more than skin stuffed with tow, straw and other rubbish, but so skilfully manufactured that they had deceived all who had seen them. This beats us. We have heard of a roasted hyena stuffed with lucifer matches and lightning rods, and aquafortis gravy seasoned with iron filings, but a squirrel pie made of tow and chopped straw!—never!

Picayune.

"*She would be a Soldier.*"—The following thrilling anecdote of a young South Carolina girl we copy from a story entitled "Tales of Marion's men."

Sally St. Clair was a beautiful, dark-eyed, creole girl. The whole treasury of her love was freely poured out to Serjeant Jasper, who on one occasion, had the good fortune to save her life. The prospects of their separation almost maddened her. To sever her long jetty ringlets from her exquisitely formed head, to dress in male attire, to enrol in the corps to which he belonged, and follow his fortunes in the wars, unknown to him, was a resolution no sooner conceived than taken.... In the camp she attracted no particular attention except on the night before the battle, when she was noticed bending over his couch like a good and gentle spirit, as if listening to his dreams.... The camp was surprised and a fierce conflict ensued. The lovers were side by side in the thickest of the fight; but, endeavoring to turn away a lance aimed at the heart of Jasper, the poor girl received it in her own, and fell bleeding at his feet. After the victory, her name and sex were discovered, and there was not a dry eye in the corps when Sally St. Clair was laid in her grave, in a little green shady nook, that looked as if it had been stolen out of Paradise, not far from the river Santee.

Advantages of Ignorance.—There is no nation where madness is so rare as in Turkey, where the people of all others think the least. In France, Germany, and England—countries most distinguished for their intellectual activity—the number of suicides is greater than in any other countries.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Boston against Time.—A match has been under discussion in sporting circles in this city, which would excite the highest interest if consummated, and we trust something will grow out of it, as we hear the owner of the "Old White-nose" is expected here immediately. It is proposed to offer Boston a match for $10,000, to run four mile heats against Time, over the Union Course, Long Island. "Set your meg," gentlemen! What do you say to 7:40—7:44? Do you back Time or Boston?

Mr. McDaniel's stakes, to be run over the State Course at Raleigh, N. C., have filled with some most capital nominations. We are glad to see that some of the most prominent Turfmen of other States have given "Mack" a turn. He is a clever man, and is doing much to revive the Turf in "the Old North State."

Eagle Course, Trenton.—The proprietor of this beautiful course has opened three Sweepstakes for 3 and 4 yr. olds, to close on the 1st of April ensuing. A Four mile stake for all ages, with a moderate subscription, to which a liberal purse will be added, is in contemplation. We shall not be surprised to see Clarion, Fordham, Job, Hornblower, and Mariner nominated in it.

A Chance for a Speculation.—There is a race horse for sale in Illinois that has performed well in that State and in Kentucky. He is a chesnut, of good size, very handsome, and is coming 7 yrs. old. His dam, and a filly foal at her foot, sold in 1836 for $1500. He was got by Johnson's Medley, out of Cressida by Sir Charles, her grandam by Ball's Florizel, g. g. dam by Dare-Devil, g. g. g. dam Col. Eppes' celebrated Mary Grey, the dam of Gen. Jackson's Pacolet, and other distinguished racers. Vide Turf Register, vol. vi., page 372. The horse referred to is now in fine health, and having never been injured, should be trained this Spring. He may be seen at the residence of George H. Ringgold, Esq., Carrollton, Ill., who is authorized to dispose of him. The attention of the Officers at Forts Leavenworth and Gibson is directed to this horse; in the hands of a good trainer he could earn his cost next season.

Mr. John Rainsford, of Edgefield, S. C., claims the name of *Joel Townsend* for a b. c. by Imp. Hedgford, coming 3 yrs. old.

Col. Claiborne Myers, of Washington, Ala., claims the name of *Yankee* for his br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Nancy Tonson, by Mons. T., coming 2 yrs. on the 8th of April. A mutual friend writes from Mobile that "the colt is large and handsome, and if he does not make a race horse there is no truth in form; Col. M. was offered $1000 for him at four weeks old. A yearling filly, own sister to Yankee, is also very bloodlike and promising"

The Queen.—Some weeks since, in speaking of this fine filly, we casually remarked, that "there were some circumstances connected with her sale and lameness not quite so clear as mud." We alluded to the matter from the fact, that on our return home through Virginia from the South, we found the subject was the theme of remark in sporting circles everywhere, and having had the pleasure of meeting one of the late owners of the filly, a conversation naturally ensued on the subject. It appears that our remark is thought by some to be susceptible of an interpretation derogating from the fair dealing of either the late owners, or the purchaser of The Queen, and though we confess our inability to discover how such a conclusion is arrived at, we lose no time in interposing our flat denial of any attempt to produce such an impression. Indeed, the owner referred to, whom we have met in our office since the paragraph appeared, and the purchaser, with whom also we have conversed, must acquit us of the remotest intention of anything further than to simply allude to a matter which for some time has been a topic of conversation in every sporting circle between Carolina and Long Island.

"*Gleanings of Husbandry.*"—We have received the prospectus of a periodical bearing this title, which is to be published at Augusta, Ga., by Moses Holbrook, A. M. and M. D., by subscription. It is to be issued monthly, at $1 in advance—to be of the size of the late Judge Buel's "Cultivator," and devoted to Agriculture, Gardening, and Husbandry in general.

List of Stallions for 1840.—The annual list will be published in the March number of the "Turf Register." Gentlemen owning horses are apprised that no expense will attend the publication of their terms, places of standing, &c., *once* in the "Register" list, and they are advised to forward the necessary facts, *free of postage*, as follows:—The name, color, sire, dam, place of standing, season price, insurance price, and owner or agent's address. The facts will be duly arranged, and the list published alphabetically in tabular form, as usual, without charge. The same facts will be published *throughout the season* in the "Spirit of the Times" for five dollars.

Splendid Gun for Sale.—One of Jones' celebrated Patent, a very beautiful article, manufactured, of course, in London, has been left at this office for sale. It cost $300, but will be sold for $200. It is complete in all its appointments, with a mahogany and leather case. It will be recollected that the lock is water proof, the caps, nipples, and hammers being placed under an ingenious cover, and are not affected by the weather.

Carolina Planter.—We have received the first number of this publication which was issued on the 15th ult. at Columbia, S. C., by A. S. Johnston, Esq., late editor of the "Telescope." It is a handsome quarto of eight pages, and promises to become a very valuable work, edited as it is, with distinguished ability, by Dr. R. W. Gibbes. From the number before us, we glean the following items:—

Sale of Imported Stock.—On Friday, 20th December, were sold in Charleston, just landed from the Margaret Johnson, from Belfast, several fine Durham Short Horns.

A beautiful Cow, 4 years old, was sold for $310, to Mr. Hieronymus.
A fine Heifer, 2 years old, was sold for $180, to Mr. O'Neale.
A bull Calf, 8 months old, sold for $75, to Mr. O'Neale.
A Prussian Ram brought $30.
A pair of Irish Grazier Hogs were also sold.

Multibolled Cotton.—The Okra, Twin, or Multibolled Cotton, has succeeded admirably in the neighborhood of Columbia, during the past season. B. F. Taylor, Esq., from less than a half acre planted, has ginned out 338 lbs. of clean cotton. We request the result of experiments of planters throughout the State.

The celebrated racer, *Charlotte Russe*, belonging to Col. Hampton, died of distemper, on the 12th inst.

This last paragraph we are inclined to doubt, though we confess our apprehensions of *Fanny* are strongly excited by its appearance. It is but a few weeks since we saw Charlotte Russe in perfect health, in a paddock with Kitty Heth, and both heavy in foal to Priam. Fanny, (the half sister of Wagner,) however, was down with the distemper, and we greatly fear that she, and not Charlotte, is "the celebrated racer" alluded to.

Gen. Irvine, of Philadelphia, advertises for sale in to-day's paper, two highly bred mares that he sent out to Kentucky with *Mingo*. They both have colts by him, and are in foal to him again. In point of stock and purity of blood, the mares referred to will compare with any others.

***What's in a Name?*—Since the first number of the "Spirit of the Times" was issued, on the 10th of Dec., 1831, no less than *seven* newspapers have sprung into existence bearing the same euphoneous and elegant appellation. A new journal has just made its appearance at Lexington, Ky., with the title of the "Farmer's Register, and Western Spirit of the Times." These young "Spirits" are generally pretty clever fellows; their very "name is a tower of strength," and if they "follow in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessor," there's no telling but they may become as popular and respected as their good old grandfather.**

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, HAMPTON COURSE.

THURSDAY, Jan. 16, 1840—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $40, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's ch. c. *Santa Anna*, by Bertrand Jr., dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs. *Craig*	1	1
Col. A. Thomas' gr c *Cavalier Servente*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Andrew, 4 yrs	2	2
Hammond & Tuggle's ch. h. *Gerow*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs	3	3

Time, 7:58—7:57.

The reputation of the horses, with other attractions, drew a strong muster on the ground—a better attendance than on either of the preceding days. The weather was charming, and the course in superb order. Betting: Santa Anna 3 to 2 *vs.* the field. At the start, Gerow and Cavalier laid in front, and continued to do so to the third mile, the latter leading most of the distance—Santa Anna now took up the running, came in front, maintained his position, and won the heat very cleverly by about a length. The time of each mile was—1st mile, 2:01—2d, 2:01—3d, 2:00—and the 4th, 1:57.

2d heat.—Santa Anna led off, but soon gave up his place to Cavalier and Gerow. The former led for about a mile and a half, when Gerow made play and collared him; an exciting race ensued—they ran side and side for about a hundred yards, when Gerow drew clear; but, before they reached the quarter stretch, the grey colt lapped again; they made a desperate rally, first one and then the other leading, until they entered on the last round, when Craig, on Santa Anna, who had waited on both with extraordinary patience, now came up, challenged and went in front, with all imaginable ease; kept the lead without difficulty, and won in sporting style by above a length. It was a severe race between the other two, Cavalier only beating Gerow by about half a length. Time of each mile—1st, 2:00—2d, 1:57—3d, 1:59—4th, 2:01.

FRIDAY, Jan. 17—Jockey Club Purse $300, ent. $20, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Griffin Edmonson's gr. m. *Alice Ann*, by Director, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs	1	1	1
M. L. Hammond's ch. m. *Ajarrah Harrison*, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 6 yrs	2	2	2

Time, 1:51—1:53—1:53.

SATURDAY, Jan. 18—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Seven subs. at $250 each, h. ft., and declaration $75. Mile heats.

Griffin Edmonson's b. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin ...... walked over.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. —— subs. at $500 each, h. ft., and $75 declaration. Mile heats.

M. L. Hammond's b. c. *A. J. Lawson*, by Imp. Hedgford, out of Kitty Fisher by Gallatin ...... walked over.

LIMESTONE SPRINGS (S. C.) RACES.

MONDAY, Oct. 7, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs—the get of *Ormond*. Ten subscribers at a bale of cotton each, P.P. Mile heats.

Col. Ferdange's ch. c. *Hoosier*, dam unknown	1	1
Mr. Simm's ch. c. *Cotton*, dam by Diomed	2	2

Time, 1:59—1:58.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8—Purse $350, free for all ages, 3 yrs., 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. *Fanny Bailey*, by Andrew, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs	1	1
Dr. Ravenal's ch. f. *Maria Monk*, by Marcellus, dam unkrown, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 6:14—6:44.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Purse $250, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's (M. R. Smith's) ch. c. *Gov. Butler*, by Argyle, out of Mary Frances by Director, 3 yrs	1	1
Col. Duncan's ch. g. *Don Pedro*, by Young Virginian, dam unknown, aged	2	2
John Gist's gr. m. *Almira*, by Eclipse, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs	3	dr

Time, 3:56—3:52.

Gov. Butler had it all his own way.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Purse $——, conditions as before; Mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's (M. R. Smith's) ch. f. *Elvira*, by Redgauntlet, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs	1	1
Dr. Ravenal's ch. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Kosciusko, 2 yrs	2	2
John Gist's ch. m. *Thesbe*, by Bertrand, out of Ophelia, 5 yrs	3	3
Gov. Butler's b. m. *Hebe*, aged	dist.	

Time, 1:55—1:55.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Purse $——, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

John Gist's gr. m. *Almira*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	1	1	1
Col. Duncan's ch. g. *Don Pedro*, pedigree above, aged	2	2	2
Gov. Butler's br. c. *Mint Julap*, by Godolphin, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs	3	3	dist.

Time, 1:55—1:55—1:53.

LETTERS FROM "PEA RIDGE."

The above is the title of a series of letters we intend to get, if we can, from a genuine disciple of Momus in South Carolina. We have just received a private letter from the author, that is to be (extracts from which are submitted below), and desire the good offices of our mutual friends in Carolina to assist us in effecting a matter so greatly desiderated by the friends and acquaintances of the party concerned. He has an exhaustless fund of anecdote and wit at his command, and really has no right to "suspend" or "curtail his discounts" with such a "capital" to "draw upon." He has long been a subscriber to the "Spirit," and has just ordered the "Register" in the following terms:—

——, January 1st, 1840.

My Dear Sir,—I send you a V., and say, "*emphatically*, send me the '*Register*.' By ——, sir, I admire your principles"—I have taken it for the last twelvemonth in Co., but I am tired of that way of doing, and want it all to myself—I have no fancy for half-way enjoyment.

Verily—have I picked up some glorious scenes since I saw you. And if thou wert now beside me, I could make the spirit rise within thee even unto overflowing. But I have no talent for drawing graphic sketches upon paper—I am an extempo. fellow—and when the steam is up, can tell as many "antidotes" as the next man—but, somehow, I can't write 'em down. 'Tis well, perhaps, for I doubt if one could be found to decypher my characters in the city of Gotham.

But if I should ever cut loose, by the powers, I'll go it full chisel; but all this "is from the purpose." What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? Send me the "Register," and I'll wish thee as many joys in this life as there be sands on the sea shore. As Mustapha would say, mayest thou live for ever, and thy shadow never be less. Yours truly with esteem. ⁂

P.S. I have a great penchant for odd and pithy letters—I have just seen a rare specimen—I know it will please you. It is from a Pea Ridger, who had crossed that imaginary line of the earth's boundary—"the Blue Ridge"—to explore the fertile regions of the far West. It begins thus:—

10—A—C. Desember fust.

Deer Bil.—To nite at Chukky—an bettur lan I nevver seed and Jim Austin sez dammed if ever he did—my luv to Sal and yores til deth.

Jo Wiggins.

LANGAR AND HIS GET.

Charleston, Dec. 22, 1839.

Looking over an old No. of the London "Sportsman," in which a portrait of the celebrated *Langar*, and a list of his performances are given, I find, Mr. Editor, that Mr. Corbin's *Passenger*, by Langar, out of My Lady, is one of the best bred, if not the best 3 yr. old in America, on both sides of his family; Langar being now the sire of the *greatest number of winners* by a majority of *ten* over the renowned Priam, and *twice* that number over Sultan, and other hitherto prominent stallions in England. Langar was got by Selim (the sire of Sultan), dam by Walton, grandam Young Giantess (Sorcerer's dam), by our *old* Diomed, out of Giantess, by Matchem, &c.—thus tracing back in a few degrees to our old Diomed, the sire of Archy, Duroc, &c. Langar won at all distances, from one to four miles. My Lady was got by the celebrated old Comus, out of the dam of The Colonel. My Lady is the dam of Delphine, and grandam of Monarch and The Queen, and (Passenger included) seven others of decided distinction, clearly showing the family on both sides to be runners of the first character.

Passenger, from what I saw of him at Trenton, N. J. (where, by the way, though I "fell" betting against him, I saw him make the best 3d two mile heat I ever witnessed—3:44 easy); from what I then observed of Passenger, and now see in the portrait of his sire, there is the strongest possible resemblance about the shoulders, brisket, loin, and hind quarters between them. Should Passenger continue, of which, from his three mile race at the Beacon, there is every prospect of his doing, to "go the distance" with success, he will make one of the most desirable stock horses in the country. He is not tall, nor inclined to be, but is low, long, and powerful in the shoulders, body, and *loin* and *quarters* particularly, and the handsomest colt, that is, more highly finished and thorough-bred in his appearance, than any horse of the same power I have ever seen. I understand My Lady is in foal to Priam. What a chance for a "burster." Yours, &c. Cotton Plant.

BULLETIN FROM ARKANSAS.

Batesville (Arks.) Dec. 24, 1839.

My Dear P.—I am exceedingly anxious for the match between *Boston* and *Wagner*, and equally so to see the Great Western Stake at Louisville fill up Oliver is a broth of a boy, and deserves to be patronised. Where is *the Gallant Grey*? Where is Cub? that fleet daughter of the lamented Medoc—where is Ralph?—where Telamon, Darnley, and the host of fast things belonging to the gallant old Kentuck?

What is the next Spring to bring forth in the way of horse-flesh? Will *Andrewetta* be enabled to maintain her position? and *The Queen* to rub off the tarnish that "old White-nose" cast upon her bright escutcheon? Where will be Hornblower and Clarion, Balie Peyton and Norfolk, Omega and Portsmouth? I almost cried to learn that my favorite, the beautiful Kate Seyton, was beaten; but, then, like Gen. Jackson's gardener, I was consoled by the fact that an Argyle beat her. The gardener in 1836 was sweet on *Pennsylvania*; she ran second, and Imp. *Langford* won the race. When he was told the result, and that the imported colt was from Langford, in Ireland—"By J——s," says he, "I knew nothing but my own county in ould Ireland could bate the Gineral."

I want *Grey Medoc* and *Bee's-wing* to come together. My friend Kenner caught me for a $20 on *Picton's* last race, and I shall dig out on the Leviathan fillies. Ralph is in Garrison's hands; he is a heely horse, and I saw him make two heats in 5:50 each, with all ease.

To-morrow will be Christmas, if it don't rain, and the boys can get powder with which to shoot. But there has been Christmas all about here, to judge from the way *certing* men have loaded their boats to-day. With a merry Christmas to you and the readers of the "Spirit," believe me

Truly yours, N.

IMPORTED EMANCIPATION.

January 22d, 1840.

Mr. Editor,—Under the signature of "J." in your paper of 4th inst., I discover some remarks in reply to yours on the subject of "*Two yr. old winners in England.*" It is quite obvious to me, and to others, that "J." had one other object at least in view when he wrote the article as above; which was, to endeavor, if possible, to disparage another horse. It is plain to see that that horse is Emancipation. It is useless for the writer, by changing his signature to "J." or to any other letter or *figure*, to put *all* your readers upon the wrong scent; the "*ear marks*" are too plain to be overlooked:—the writer is as well known to me as if he had signed "4."—"D. Q.," or "*M.*" "J." has evidently travelled out of his way to mention Emancipation at all; there was no necessity for his purpose, in showing the running of the English 2 yr olds, to have mentioned the running of the Emancipations, because he has none of that age in England. It is not my custom to speak of other gentlemens' horses disrespectfully, unless so compelled in vindication of my own. "J." informs the public, that although the Emancipations have won all the races you stated they had, yet the "*prizes were inferior*," and he had no winner at all at the best courses, and then goes on to name;—Newmarket, Doncaster, Goodwood, Ascot, &c. He does not inform the public that very few, if any, of Emancipation's colts, were trained for several of these places of meeting,—that he only stood two seasons in England, and both in the northern section of the kingdom: consequently nearly all his colts ran north of Newmarket, Goodwood, and Ascot. Now I assert, that Liverpool, Newton, and other places in the north of England, where the Emancipations have run and won, *are* fashionable courses, and on which many of the best and gamest horses have run.

These colts have encountered and beat some capital horses in England; such as Cardinal Puff, (recently sold for 1200 guineas), Maid of Monton, and others; they have won at single and double heats, and broken heats—winning gold cups, stand cups, &c., from one to three mile heats. Mr. Denham's b. f. *Query*, by Emancipation, in a Sweepstakes at Chester, two mile heats, beat this same filly "*Fame*," by Margrave, which "J." seems to think so much of, (I say nothing against her), *easily*. I say easily, because it was won at three heats, and Fame did not win either heat, and was drawn after the second. I should not have mentioned this race except for "J." having informed the public (and in the next sentence after speaking of the Emancipations) of the Margrave filly having won a Queen's Plate upwards of three miles; and which, he says, "ought to be worth more to her sire'a reputation than winning a dozen country prizes." When it is recollected that Emancipation had last year but two sets of colts, three and four year olds *only*, and they won twenty-one times, their performances must be regarded as superior to Priam's, he having *two's* and *five's* as well as three's and four's. Besides Priam was patronized in all his seasons, not only with as many mares as his owner desired, but those of the best quality, as they are in this country. Priam may prove a good stallion here, but, with such mares as he has served, what well-bred horse would not? Yet the limbs of the young Priams do not look to me like standing up long in our severe races; and the early training of two of them would seem to justify this opinion. In conclusion, I will remark, that last Fall the two yr. old Emancipations ran in three races only, two of which they won, and ran second in the third. T.

EXHIBITION OF STOCK IN KENTUCKY.

The anniversary of the *Kentucky State Agricultural Society* was held in this town during the last week, and was numerously attended by delegates from various parts of the State. As the weather, for some days previous, had been very inclement, the number of cattle exhibited was not as great as had been expected; but the few that were exhibited, were of the very first order, and attracted great attention. In the *horse line*, however, there was a most magnificent turn out.—The public square was literally filled with them, and we would as soon undertake to enumerate the names of the Trojan heroes, as the names, bearing, performances, &c., ofthe famous stallions that pranced around, in their pride of strength and beauty. *Shark* was there, and "uncle Ned" was along side of him, giving a few modest hints as to his good qualities. *John Bascombe* was there, the great horse of the South. *Merman* and *Hedgford* were there. *Grey Eagle* was also there, with a red bandage around his ill fated leg, but standing lofty, as if he heard the sound of the trumpet, and rejoiced in the day of battle. And there too, was "*Mary Morris*," the beautiful daughter of Medoc, in the dawn of a fame that is yet to fill the Racing Calendar—and "*Cub*," another daughter of the same illustrious sire, fearing no rival, and coveting contest with the most applauded conquerors of the day.

But a strage and uncouth sound suddenly attracts the crowd, and behold, it is "*Balaam*," who speaks, and "horror screams from his discordant throat." This remarkable character is from foreign parts, imported from Malta, four years old, fifteen hands high, large bone, and very "lengthy"—sold at one time for $2,000, is owned by James Murrell, Esq of Barren county, and is on his way to Green River. If they have no Jackasses there now, they will certainly have a *whapper*, when "Balaam" comes along. As we feel that we are not felicitous in our description of Cattle, Horses, Jacks, and so on, we will trust to the abler pens which will embellish the columns of the "Farmer," and "The Western Spirit of the Times," for interesting particulars."

At three o'clock P. M. of the second day of the meeting, an Agricultural address was delivered, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, by Dr. Young, President of Danville College. The Hall was literally filled to overflowing, by the concourse of people, who were anxious to hear the distinguished speaker, and were interested in the subjects of which he was to treat. This address will be published and should be read by every person in the State. We can only say now, that Dr. Young fully sustained his great reputation, and that his effort in behalf of the Agricultural interests of the country, entitled him to be ranked among the number of those, who "do the State some service."

Frankfort Commonwealth, Jan. 21st.

VISIT TO A LOUISIANA TURFMAN.

ATTAKAPAS (La.), Oct. 18, 1839.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times :—I am not a writer, nor do I aspire to the reputation of an author; but I keep a journal of my travels, and I am persuaded I can give you some extracts from it, which will not only interest, but instruct many of your readers, who know but little of this most fertile and interesting section of country.

I have resided nearly twelves years in New Orleans; and, during that time, travelled frequently through the most interesting parts of other States; but this is my first visit to Attakapas, the land of cotton-fields and sugar-cane, happy negroes and bayous, chrystal lakes and flowery gardens; and what is more pleasing, a thousand belle Creole demoiselles, whose dark silken tresses, more glossy than the raven's wing, wave in graceful curls around necks of delicate whiteness, and whose soft dark eyes look the very soul of artless affection; and I may add, whose forms are models of the most perfect female symmetry. This is no romance.

Oct. 16. On yesterday I dined by invitation with C. V., Esq., of St. Martinsville. A short time before the dining-room was thrown open, JOHN F. MILLER, Esq., of New Orleans, to whom I had previously received a passing introduction, entered the house, and soon gave me a kind and polite invitation to accompany him a distance of eighteen miles to his plantation, known as *Orange Island*.

Not being bound by business, I accepted the invitation, and directly after dinner, took a seat in Mr. M.'s carriage, under the impression that I was about to visit one of the most choice and beautiful spots in this sunny region. My expectations had already been raised very high by praises bestowed upon the Island by Mr. V. and his lady, and a request from Mr. Miller that I would indulge the inanitions of fancy without a fear of pending disappointment. I wish the reader to follow me step by step, that he may mentally see the country as he travels with me.

Having rode six miles, and passed several sugar and cotton fields, we called to ascertain whether our friend Doctor R. was at the house of Mr. P., intending to take him along. He had gone further, however, on professional business; and disappointed in not obtaining his company, we proceeded.

Arrived at New Town, three miles further on our way: Mr. M. invited me to a handsome residence owned by him at that place, in conjunction with a sugar plantation. I entered the house, and found the mother of Mr. M., a lady of eighty-four years of age, as actively engaged with her fingers as if she had seen only half that number of years, and what was more surprising, she sewed without the aid of glasses. This is a striking instance of longevity, connected with the retention of sense and physical energy, in this Princess of the American Union—Louisiana.

After a glass of rich old Cogniac, we walked through the court-yard. In addition to vegetables and shrubbery, I found in the garden a handsome nursery of the morus multicaulis, from five to ten feet high, and of the present year's growth. The court-yard was handsomely laid off in circles and walls at right angles, and variously ornamented with orange trees, arbor vitæ, crape myrtle, rose trees, dahlias, &c. &c.

From the garden we proceeded to the stable, where I found several blooded animals, among which were the mare *Curculia*, by Medoc, a chesnut, 4 yrs. old, and upwards of 15 hands high; *Harpalyce*, a chesnut mare, by Collier, 5 yrs. old, and 15½ hands high; *Fairly Fair*, a ch. filly, by Luzborough, 3 yrs. old. and 15½ hands high; *Lord of the Isles*, a grey colt, by Napoleon, 4 yrs. old, and 15 hands high; *Medina*, a chesnut filly by Medoc, 3 yrs. old, and nearly 16 hands high. They are all in training for the Fall races at Opelousas and New Orleans. Napoleon and Woodpecker, both fine stallions, are at Orange Island, together with a large number of blood animals, with which Mr. M. is improving his stock.

Whilst we were at the stable, the carriage driver gave notice that he had harnessed in a pair of fresh horses; and we soon started across a prairie to complete the nine miles we had got to travel. Four miles took us to a strip of woods and a bayou, across which Mr. M. has thrown a bridge, 80 feet long, at his individual expense. This bayou, and a lake, of which I am yet to speak, circumscribe upwards of 25,000 acres of choice prairie and woodland, but chiefly prairie; and this is Orange Island.

From the bridge, we struck across the prairie, and soon arrived at a fence which Mr. M. informed me was seven and a half miles in length, and nearly in a straight line. This and other fences inclose about 20,000 (twenty thousand) acres of land, occupied by Mr. M. as a cotton plantation and stock form.

Having rode five miles from the bridge, and passed a fine negro quarter, several large gates, some bridges, and an embankment, thrown up for a carriage-way across some low grounds, we began to ascend a long and gentle acclivity, which I could not clearly perceive, because it was night. The moon, it is true, gave out a silvery brightness, and lent to the scene an unusual degree of loveliness; but the view was general, and too indistinct for the clear discovery of forms.

We reached the level summit of *a first* rising ground, and having passed another large gate, found ourselves in a few moments in front of a neat brick cottage-like dwelling (with a long piazza), handsomely and appropriately furnished, and having in front two rows of the pride of China; and, as I afterwards ascertained, two rows of the morus multicaulis in the rear.

Supper soon came on, and after a hearty meal, a promenade by moonlight on the piazza, a varied conversation, in which both were interested, and a glass of old oily brandy for an eye closer, we retired to rest for the night.

The sun this morning had climbed more degrees above the horizon than I am willing to put in figures at this especial writing, when I arose from a comfortable bed, and descended to the parlor. From thence I proceeded to the piazza, and though the scene before me was new and very inviting to the eye, I felt some—perhaps considerable—disappointment; but I was yet in the dark, for I had seen nothing.

From the piazza I beheld a gentle declivity, falling gradually to the line of the prairie, and terminating at a distance of half a mile. Beyond lay the negro quarter, the cotton-gin house, a wide cotton field; and hundreds of cattle, yet beyond these, were plucking grass from the plain. On the hill side, to the left, was a young orchard of peach, almond, apricot, and nectarine trees; and on the right lay the vegetable garden. At a distance of 60 and 80 yards from one of the rear corners (the S. W.) stand the corn crib, and a stable, nearly 80 feet long, with double stalls. Woodlands fill up the west, south-west, and north.

Last night, before retiring, Mr. Miller said to one of his servants, "tell Levin to catch some good fish for our breakfast in the morning." The order was given with the most entire confidence, and this morning, contrary to my expectation, I found upon the table a most delicious fish—equal, indeed, to any thing I ever tasted, the celebrated hog-fish of Hampton Roads, and the most choice pan-fish of New York, and the waters of New England, not excepted. I breakfasted more heartily, by far, than usual, and then started in company with Mr. M. to the orange grove, and the lake from which the delicious fish was taken.

A similar order to that given to Levin, is often given to George, the gunner, when wild ducks or geese are wanted in winter, and with equal success.

On leaving the house, for the orange grove, we ascended a *second* elevation, 30 to 35 feet above the first. Each side of the road, up this elevation, is ornamented by a row of the pride of China, and from it the eye rests on, and surveys a vast extent below, of which about 700 acres are in actual cultivation. The view is extensive in many directions; but to the South, it is entirely unbounded, saving by the horizon.

From this, we passed through an interesting strip of woodland, on which stand an hundred live oaks of twice the usual diameter, stretching forth their iron limbs, as it were in defiance of the elements for long ages yet to come. There, sturdily rooted, they stand the emblems of years long gone by. They have withstood the decaying influence of centuries. When the wild Indian trod the desert, free as the eagle's wing—when he gazed upon the blue wave of the neighboring ocean, and little dreamed it was destined to bear the white-winged barque, and the pale face, to his happy shores—when he bathed in the chrystal lake, and reclined upon its flowery border, and could exclaim, in the pride of his heart, "these, and all this beautiful land are mine, and there is none to take them from me;" these very trees waved many a strong bough elastic to the wind, or, with iron fronts, successfully battled out the storm; and Time, whose unerring hand has crumbled other objects, and mingled them with the mother earth, seems to have brought upon his wings, and imparted new vigor to those ancient products of the hill, and left them flourishing as the green bay tree.

The live oak is well known to be one of the longest lived trees on earth.—One of a very large size was cut down at Orange Island, some time ago, and a professed antiquarian pronounced it to be 900 years old. It must have been of considerable size, then, at the time of the Norman conquest. Let the well informed reader give but a moment's reflection to the thousands of revolutions that kingdoms and empires, and the human intellect, have undergone since these old oaks first put forth the green leaf, and he cannot avoid holding them in deep veneration.

From the strip of woods, we ascended to the summit of a *third* and last elevation, 10 or 15 feet higher than the second. It resembles an immense mound, and is clear of all growths excepting grass; and its altitude is about 100 feet above the lake, to which it descends quite abruptly, but not sufficiently so to prevent the pedestrian from descending with comparative ease.

From this last elevation, I understood that, when the atmosphere is free from vapor and smoke, New Town, Brow's Bridge, Vermillionville, Vermillion Bay, and other places for miles around, may be easily seen with the aid of a spy-glass.

On my right, I found, as I ascended, a woodland stretching far below; and in front, one of the most lovely landscapes (combined with the lake) I ever saw, opened gradually to the eye. The *toute ensemble* has been so arranged, by Nature's well practised hand, that but little art has been required to make the combination altogether enchanting. First, the trees on the margin of the lake below discover an arrangement wildly beautiful; and then the lake, with a surface smooth and bright as a polished mirror, and forming a crescent 3 miles long, and 1½ miles across the centre with its opposite shore variously speckled by farms, and clumps of trees yet in summer foliage, completed a lovely picture. But when I united with these, an orange grove, stretching below to a considerable distance on the left, richly clad in perpetual green, and laden with the half golden fruit of the season, I surveyed a scene far more beautiful than fancy had pictured.

It is not the highly cultivated field—the green lawn—the well trimmed park—the flowery meadow—the cataract—the silvery brook, or the abrupt and rocky cliff, that lends enchantment to this place. It is the happy combination and fitness of each object to those that surround it. Indeed, it seems to be clad in a placid loveliness, indicating that Nature, when she formed it, was in a peculiarly modest and pleasant state of feeling.

I have gazed upon Niagara in wonderment and deep devotion. I know the valley of the Mohawk, and the region round about West Point. I have seen Kaatskill heights, and the palisadoes are familiar to my sight. I have enjoyed many a beautiful scene in New England, and delighted in sunny walks and lonely spots in the Carolinas. I have looked with admiration on the grand scenes that border the Kanawha, and trembled on the verge of Marshall's rock, whilst I beheld a foaming river dashing madly over the breakers, a quarter of a mile below me. I have seen, from some high peak superior, "hill peep o'er hill, and Alp o'er Alp arise," but in all my seeing, I never beheld any place which gave me more pleasure than did Orange Island. My fancy may differ from that of most men; but I think that, taking it all in all, its like may not be looked upon in any age.

Having descended the hill to the left, we proceeded along a walk which passes through the orange grove, and continues down to the border of the "Lac Peigne." I found the water clear as chrystal, and resting on a white sandy bottom. It is excellent drinking water, and is supplied by thousands of little fountains which spring from the bottom. Its surface is about six feet above the level of Vermillion Bay and the Mexican Gulf.

At the place to which we descended I found a handsome sail boat under a house, constructed over the water, for her preservation from the weather. It is kept by Mr. M. chiefly for the gratification of his friends, who visit Orange Island, and evince a fondness for aquatic amusements. We did not go out because the boat was dismantled.

From the boat-house, we went to the bathing ground; and the clearness of the water and whiteness of the bottom gave me a desire to bathe; but my recollection reverted to two large alligators I had seen, a few minutes before, striking slowly across the lake, and I soon forgot all about the bath.

We continued our walk around the foot of the hill, and on the lake border; and I looked, with much pleasure, first upon the lake and then upon the large oaks and magnolias I found upon its banks, towering high above us. A little further on, we passed a grove of tall magnolias, which are said to impregnate the atmosphere with a delicious odor, when in full bloom. These occupy a part of the woodland to be seen on the right, from the hill-top.

I observed one thing on the hill-side, which created some speculation, if not wonderment. It is well known that all the country around this hilly region is low, and bears incontestible evidence of being alluvial deposite. Not a sand or pebble is to be found in it, and, when dry and crumbled, it is found to be fine as flour. At this place, however, I found good sand, and pebbles from a half to one and a half inches in diameter. Indeed, the existence of the hills and the lake are well calculated to excite speculation; for the lake appears to be an excavation by the hand of man rather than the work of nature, and the hills seem to be composed of the earth thrown from it. The greatest depth of water in the lake is about thirty feet.

I understand there is a chain of high grounds, consisting of fine hills, extending all the way to the Bay of Mexico. The first is Orange Island; the second, Marshe's; the third, Uleek's; fourth, Thomas'; and fifth, Belle Isle. At Marshe's Island, a fine salt spring issues from the hill, 80 feet above the level of tide water; and near it, a fresh-water spring gushes forth. Sugar cane is *now* the product of all these places, excepting Orange Island, which, as I have stated, is purely in Cotton.

Contrary to what might be supposed, frost is not known here until two weeks after it has made its appearance on the Mississippi river; and this accounts for the abundance and excellence of the Attakapas sugar crop. Two weeks start in the growth of cane, and two weeks added, at the end of the rolling season, will make a difference of nearly, or quite, one half. This must be true, because one hogshead of sugar to the acre, on the river, is considered a good yield; whilst, it is said that two hogsheads, and sometimes more, are made in some parts of this region. But to my stroll again.

On leaving the grove of magnolias, we proceeded over a handsomely rolling tract of rich land, covered with large live oaks, red oaks, elia, hackberry, gum and magnolia, with some other growths. This tract of woodland, with the improvements Mr. Miller contemplates bestowing upon it, will make one of the most beautiful parks in the world; and will no doubt, in a few years, attract many of the wealthy citizens of other parts of Louisiana.

On our return to the dwelling house, the conversation turned upon the annual inundation of some of the prairie low lands; wild ducks, geese, &c. &c.; and I was informed by Mr. M. and some of the neighbors who had just arrived, that during the winter season, ducks had been seen on the overflowed prairie, so thick and numerous as to extend over several acres; and when a flock rises on the wing, it is said to produce a sound similar to distant thunder. This reminded me of a fish story I once heard; because, although I could not doubt my authority, I felt a strong leaning towards the side of incredulity. The "*fish story*" is in few words, and I give it, because the cases are analogous.

I once married a lady in North Carolina, and after leaving her maternal home, she informed me that 100,000 herrings had been taken from the Albunarl sound, by a single haul of a seine. I wondered and felt incredulous, though I dared not doubt my informant. Subsequently, however, whilst on a visit to North Carolina, I learned that 300,000 herrings had been taken at a haul; and such, no doubt, would be the result of the duck story, if I were to seek further knowledge of it.

At 2 P.M. we sat down to a fine dinner. Fish, just from the lake, were served up in various ways. These, and excellent wine, induced me to eat and drink a very unusual quantity; and yet the appetite craved more; but remembering Dr. Franklin's good and philosophic advice, I denied it full gratification.

Oct. 17. At half-past three, P.M., on yesterday, we started for New Town, via. the cotton gin, and met with a Frenchman, who, with the true volubility of his countrymen, commenced jabbering, and continued to jabber, without intermission, until the sun had fallen below the hill. It was then too late to travel across an almost trackless prairie, and we returned, remained the night, and started this morning, at a little after daylight, with the earnest hope—at least, on my part—of escaping Monsieur Parley Vous; but, oh mon Deu! the very first thing I saw, on our near approach to the gin-house, was the chattering "Frogmorian." He approached the carriage and placed his hands upon it, and his tongue commenced rattling with the speed of forty thousand Lowell Factory spindles. I sighed and whispered, "oh quel infortune—quel diable est vous!" I sighed again and twisted, but still the volley ceased not. "What sort of a tongue has Deity given to this man?" exclaimed I, and just at that moment the driver cracked his whip, and the horses leaped off; and the last thing I heard, at a distance of something less than 200 yards, was Parley Vous' voice floating after the carriage.

Had our "Frogmorian" been a rifle, and his words rifle balls, we would have been shot to ten thousand atoms, carriage, horses, driver and all, in something less than the smallest computable time. If his tongue cannot secure the premium for perpetual motion of the most rapid kind, I doubt whether it will ever be secured by any thing else; yankee ingenuity not excepted.

We drove on at a jolly measure, and arrived at New Town just in good time for a comfortable breakfast, which was soon served up. We were a little chilled by the early wind across the prairie, but hot coffee soon restored us to comfortable feeling, and we remained the day at the New Town Plaee.

I cannot, consistently with feeling, refrain from a few remarks relative to the slave population, and the abolitionist is especially requested to take every word I utter to himself, that he may feel ashamed of his efforts to tear the comparatively happy, from a plentiful home and from protection, that he may cast them into the miserable state of vice and beggary, in which the Northern negro, and the emancipated slave of the British West Indies, drag out an almost loathsome existence.

The serpent saw and envied man's happiness in Eden; and he tempted man's weaker part, woman, by assuring her that if she would eat the fruit Omnipotence had forbidden her to taste, she would be like a god, knowing good from evil. The woman listened and did eat; and in that act, was involved the eternal salvation or damnation of all future generations! Sin, misery, and death on earth, were germinated, born, and rendered mighty in a moment, by this single act of woman, guided by the serpent, Lucifer.

And here I may, conveniently and appropriately, compare each abolitionist to the serpent. These men cry "freedom and universal emancipation!" and, with the sword and fire of fanaticism, would tear the negro from his happy Eden of ignorance and plenty, and cast him headlong upon a ruthless world, sans fortune, sans esprit, sans protection, and sans every thing capable of elevating the human family above the vale of degradation, vice, and painful suffering.

How long, ye mistaken fanatics, will you move heaven and earth for the engenderment of more misery amongst the children of men? How many of you would—nay, how many would not—rejoice at the prospect of plenty and comforts enjoyed by the *slave* negro of Louisiana? But come to our State, ye who labor for a scanty pittance, and batten on false philanthropy, and see the negro of Attakapas, and then return to your associates and tell them *truth*. It will shame them to *silence*. I will relate a few facts which came under my own observation, during the visits I have written of.

At Orange Island, there are many good double houses intended for two families of negroes, each; and when a negro man has no wife, one is purchased for him. If both are pleased they marry, and the half of one of these houses is prepared for their occupancy.

After my arrival at New Town, I walked through a large field of good corn, which proved to be the property of slaves; and I heard Mr. Miller say to his overseer, "tell the boys when they gather their corn, they may store it in my barn, and I will pay them the highest market price for it, or give them the same measure when they desire to sell." I felt pleasure, but not more than I had before experienced, on witnessing the candid manner with which the master listened to the suggestions of the servant—the interest they manifested for his welfare—the scrupulousness with which some of their accounts were paid by the master, and the uninterrupted peace which seemed to prevail.

At different places in Attakapas, Mr. M. has within a fraction of 200 negroes, who not only have plenty, but are not subject to the lash. They are furnished with land, and a portion of time to cultivate it; and they are suffered to sell their poultry and products of the soil to whom they please, but prefer selling to the master, because he pays the best price and in cash. One of the slaves at Orange Island, who writes a good strong hand, keeps all the accounts, and writes politely to his master for such things as are wanted in his department

Would to God that the emancipated negroes of the North, and even a majority of ranting ultra abolitionists, were not less happy than the negro of Attakapas!

I do not intend to panegyrize Mr. Miller, or any other man. I write my own impressions, and my object is truth, regardless of censure, or any other consequence. I could cite other striking cases in regard to negroes, but the above is quite sufficient to my purpose, and I trust it will have the influence it strictly merits. R. L. D. C.

MY HORSES.

BY NIMROD.

On referring to the fifty-third number of the ninth volume of the "New Sporting Magazine," the reader will find the above subject commenced under the head of "Horse Dealing." The article was well received amongst English readers; and as it was translated into German, I may justly conclude it met with the approbation of German amateurs of English horse-flesh. The cause of the subject not being pursned in the above-named periodical, was, the space allotted to my writings being occupied by a detail of my late Northern Tour; and thus has the M.S. been lying in my desk till this time. Having experience for its base, some useful hints will be gathered from what it contains, and a few rather singular facts. For example—in the great number of horses that have passed through my stables, not one was ever returned on my hands; I only returned one as unsound, after having purchaeed him; neither have I ever had a wrangle, still less a quarrel, with any person, the origin of which was *a horse*. This I attribute to two causes: I generally gave prices which commanded sound horses; secondly, I never sold a horse as sound which I did not believe to be so.

As this history will not be complete unless it commences with the first horse I ever was master of; moreover, he being, perhaps, the most extraordinary one of them all; I am compelled to transcribe a part of his character from the paper that appeared in the "New Sporting Magazine," which is this:—"He was the real Welch-mountain galloway, handed down to me by my elder brother when he was promoted to the back of a horse; of prodigious strength for his size, *ergo*, called Sampson—the perfect war-horse in miniature, having the crest of a stallion (which he was; the mane of a lion; a tale that would have done honor to Denmark; an eye redder than blood, when caught at a certain focus, and indicative of extreme vice; the action of a hackney, with the speed of a race-horse; and a temper composed of *all* the vices that degrade the character of the horse. He was originally presented, by the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, to Mr. Boycott, late master of the Albrighton fox-hounds (when he was a boy), and by him given to my brother; so that, leaving myself out of the question, he may be said to have been the parent, practical instructor, of two most superior horsemen, which Mr. Boycott and my brother are well known to be."

Here my *quotation* must cease; nevertheless, to support the character of "extraordinary," which I have given him, it will be necessary that I should detail a few more of the characteristics of the renowned Sampson—for renowned he was in the neigborhood in which he was known. In the first place, no blacksmith could shoe him without casting him; and he broke the arm of one who attempted to shoe him at liberty:—secondly, no *man*, still less *boy*, could hold him when he had a mind to go. I saw him run away with a strong footman of my father's, giving him an awful fall; and I witnessed his doing the same thing by a brother of Mr. Boycott, fracturing his skull. I know not how many falls he gave me; but strange to say, that, with all his vicious propensities, he once dragged me by the stirrup on the high road, and never offered to kick me. To conclude, I rode him a journey of 100 miles, starting with a straw in his tail, which straw almost every hostler on the road attempted to take out: but it was *no go.* "Don't touch that galloway," was the signal given by the servant, but oftentimes disregarded.

The following extract, also, from the first paper on this subject, must be allowed me, inasmuch as it tends to verify the proverb, of bringing up a child in the way in which he should go, &c. "Now, then," I say, "arises a question rather difficult to speculate upon, because the only person who could have answered it has been many years in his grave. How happened it a father, so bent upon making scholars of his sons, as to dose them with books even to nausea—which nausea stuck to them through life—should likewise have been determined that they should become horsemen, and, consequently, sportsmen, as was evident by his permitting them to ride so ungovernable and dangerous an animal as Sampson? Why, in fact, he was himself a horsesman; and, although not a sportsman, he was an advocate for all manly sports, fox-hunting included, as a sight of myself upon Sampson, in my red coat and cap, leather breeches and boot, during several Christmas holidays—a *parvus* Iulus in his eyes, and by no means small beer in my own—would too plainly have indicated." Thus far, then, I have been a dutiful son; and, as regards Sampson, I have only to add, that he was supposed to have lived to his thirtieth year, and without having forgotten any of the vices he had exhibited.

My first purchase of what may be called a *horse*—a full description of which may be seen in the opening paper—was, I believe, one of the best I ever had; but another Sampson in disposition. It will be seen that, with the assistance of an old whipper-in of Mr. Loder, who then hunted the neighborhood of Oxford, I partly broke his spirit; and, after his breaking his knees by a fall in plunging, I sold him for twenty-eight pounds to a clergyman in Warwickshire, who rode him ten seasons. Parson Venor's Hero (for such were the names of man and horse) was always in his place—his character being, that no fence was too high or too wide for him; no day too long.

Strange to say, my next purchase—the well-known "spectre mare," ridden so many years by my brother—was another devil in a horse's hide, and another trump turned up. For two seasons she was dangerous in the extreme; but she afterwards steadied down into one of the best hunters England ever saw; at least so thought the late Lord Charles Somerset—no bad judge of what a really good horse should be. I gave twenty pounds for her just out of training, with a big leg, which I made still bigger by too severe blistering; but she stood sound, and through a score of years, although without bequeathing either her good or bad properties to posterity, inasmuch as she would not breed. I sold her for thirty pounds to my brother, having been first submitted to the inspection of a first-rate judge of horse-flesh, to satisfy my father she was worth the money! I do not now remember her pedigree, but she had Herod blood in it, and it ran back to Captain Appleyard's Bald Charlotte (A.D. 1721), the great grandam of Cockscomb and Dorimant, and herself a capital racer of her day.

My third purchase was at Oxford, a black mare; but, selling her to a London gentleman who did not hunt, I have only to remark that, although her color was jet black, she had a ring of pure white, about an inch and a half broad, on one of her thighs, which gave her an odd appearance. From this mare, however, I took my first "wrinkle" as to the hard meat system, now become so general. Her owner rode her ten years, during which period she never was turned out to grass. I saw her at her death, and her flesh was as firm as marble.

My next purchase was an unlucky one. Hearing of a very large black gelding, got by North Star, to be sold, I went with thirty pounds in my pocket, whereas fity pounds was his price. What was to be done? A well-timed Greek quotation, in a letter to my father, brought the other twenty pounds; the coach-horse looking animal became mine; and I thought I had got a prize, as he could take a very big jump. The fat, however, was soon in the fire; he tumbled down with me, and broke his knees; and two pages of Homer would not have fetched another twenty pounds out of the old gentleman's pocket for a like purpose; he being of opinion that no horse, except a racer, was worth more than thirty pounds. The further history of this horse, christened Black Sir Harry, is amusing; but, having already appeared, it must be omitted here. Suffice it to say, then, "the cloth" came again to my relief; he was purchased by a wealthy rector, and proved an excellent hunter *at the pace he could go;* but it was one that would not have distinguished him in a half-hour's burst from the Coplow.

There was living at this period, in the neighborhood in which I was born, a truly worthy country squire, whom, in the eye of memory, I now see before me, taking his morning rides on a snug-looking, well-fed, quiet, brown mare, with a very neatly appointed groom close at her heels; and so timid did he appear, that I have good reason to believe a wide cart-rut would have bothered him.—As for fox-hunting, the very idea of its dangers would have alarmed him; and as his neighbor of Erthig (the classical and witty Mr. Yorke) said of himself, he had "never even reached the hare." In fact, he was, on horseback, what is termed, a perfect old woman. All at once, however, the spirit moved him;—call it excitement, call it inspiration, or by any name you choose—the snug-looking brown mare was drafted; the stables of —— were filled with hunters, the best that money could purchase; and no man in the country rode so *desperately* hard as did this worthy old gentleman, then bordering on his grand climacteric. Moreover than this, the passion for hunting was accompanied by a mania for purchasing horses which he himself found very difficult to satisfy, but which his steward could have readily dispensed with; and it was in a string of *sixteen* (!), which he bought from a dealer on his road from Yorkshire, that Flying Jenny was imported into my father's neighborhood, and, finally, into my vacant stall. I bought her for twenty pounds, at the sale of all this worthy gentleman's stud; his hunting career having been put an end to, in his third season, by a very lamentable occurrence. He got a violent fall, by leaping into a gravel-pit; and, having been bled by a farrier, who happened to he on the spot, and who bled him as he would have bled a horse, he never came to the scratch again.

One would imagine I dealt in parsons as well as in horses, for, again, the church stands my friend. The very name of Flying Jenny duly denotes that she was a capital jumper; but she had, in some persons' eyes, more desirable qualities. She had an excellent set of limbs, was pleasant and easy to sit upon; and, although ten minutes' "best pace" would have brought her to a dead stand still with hounds, she was a steady, good mare on the road. The worthy rector of Eccleston* then got me well out of this scrape. Coming to visit my father, he brought with him a very fine brown mare, worth half a dozen Flying Jennies, but she alarmed his reverence by now and then striking her leg under the knee, which is vulgarly called "speedy cutting." I, of course, descanted on the extreme danger of this failing, and particularly in horses that carried heavy weights; heightening my argument with the most appropriate figures of speech—such as "knocking their legs from under them"—"pitching on their heads," &c., &c.; all of which the parson swallowed, as, indeed, most people do swallow; and a tail-to-tail bargain was the result. By a little attention, however, to the form of her shoes, in addition, perhaps, to a very favorable exchange of weight, this fine brown mare never struck her leg under me; and, as she was a charming animal to ride, as well as to look at, I sold her for seventy guineas.†

I know nothing now worthy of notice until I went to Ireland—not as a sportsman, but as a soldier—in 1798, the fatal year of the Rebellion. When I state the fact, that we had in our regiment three officers, who had been masters of foxhounds, and one who has since been one, I need scarcely add, that it may claim the honor of having been not only a fighting, but a sporting regiment. The last year of our sojourning there, the country becoming tolerably quiet, and a few of the country gentlemen having returned to their seats, a little racing was now and then kicked up, an excellent private course being at hand. I was a bad hand at this. I made two matches, and was beaten in both. "This will not do," said I to a friend: "I must look for something better bred;" and we were not more than twenty miles distant from the Curragh, where racing was about to be revived, after several of the stables had been completely cleared of their contents by the rebels. But what did I purchase? Something that could run, or that had run? No, that would have been useless; I purchased something that no one supposed could ever be able to run at all, being believed to be, what is called, ricked (strained) in the back But I will describe him. He was a slapping four year old colt, by Belisarius (I forget the dam), with great bone, good legs, open feet, head and neck excellent; but, in his walk, he had every appearance of being injured in his spine,—his hinder quarters reeling towards one side or the other; and which was, also, the case in a very slow trot. In fact, his feet followed each other, in these slow paces, much like those of a dog in his trot, the hinder ones falling quite on the outside of the fore ones. Price, with this deformity, twenty-five guineas! "Don't buy him," said one. "He's not worth twenty-five shillings," observed another. "Let me get on his back," was my reply; and, giving him a rattling gallop, I soon lugged out the stumpy, and he was mine. Suffice it to add, that this horse was the cock of our walk. I rode him six times for sweepstakes and matches; and he was never beat, till, running a heavy match at Chester, with six to four on him, he was *made safe*, and, of course, I paid the piper. Both jockeys are now in their graves, so no more need be said; but a cleaner throw-over don't often happen, even in these slippery times. Now, then, for the finish. I sold him to the celebrated Col. Wardle, for eighty guineas, for a hunter; who, by having him castrated immediately, and without a proper preparation, lost him, the second day after the operation, from hemorrhage. Thus ended Belisarius, as honest a bit of horse-flesh as was ever enclosed in a hide, and I doubt not his having made a capital hunter, as he could go well through dirt; which would be very little suspected in a horse, whose action, in his walk, resembled that of a drunken man.

In looking back, as I often do, to these memorable days, old Murphy, my Irish training groom (for I had another horse that could run a little), and some of his odd sayings and doings are still fresh in my recollection. He had lived nearly all his life, up to this time, with the late Duke of Leinster, and was a thorough specimen of the Irish servant of that day—respectful in the extreme, but unable to refrain from now and then hazarding his joke, with that significant nod of the head which an Irishman only can give. His instructions to myself, on jockeyship, would be well worth repeating, could I recollect them; but time has nearly effaced them. A compliment, however, was, for the most part, mingled with them. For example:—"Your honor would make an illigant rider," said he to me one day in the stable, "*if* you would but hould your horse a bit faster by the head, and sit closer to your saddle, in your turns;"—a civil way of telling me I was a very bad jockey. "Hould him hard, my jewel!" roared he to me once, as I passed him, within a quarter of a mile of home, in a race, "and it's all Dublin to a tatur garden!" On our passage to England, we were caught in a violent gale of wind, which drove three of our transports on shore, but myself and my stud were in a Liverpool packet, and in a most ticklish condition under the Hill of Howth: "Christ Jasus receive my sowl now!" exclaimed Murphy, as a sea broke over the deck, and left us knee deep below, "*but we are lost.* Oh! that I should ever have left ould Ireland to come to this!"—the little Curragh boy who rode exercise, clinging to his knees at the time. Now, mark the difference between this good old Catholic, and my soldier-groom, in what each must have considered likely to be the last hour of his life. "Hold your Irish bother!" said he; "why, d—n your eyes! you arn't no worse off than we are, are you? Stand fast by the horses, you old fool!" Poor Murphy, however, afterwards declared that once back in Ireland, he'd like to see the gentleman that would make him leave it again in a ship—into which, I believe, he had never before set foot.

I have one anecdote more to relate touching this horse. On the evening of a day on which he had won a match over the Curragh, a challenge was given me at the mess, to run another horse, also in training there, *provided the race took place on the morrow.* What cared I for time or distance in those days? Accompanied by two dragoons (commanding officers were not particular in those times, when a bit of fun was going on), a friend of the owner of the other horse, and myself, started for the scene of action, about nine o'clock, and arrived there at midnight. Will it be credited, that, although it was between the Curragh meetings, the door of the stable in which my horse stood, with six or seven others, was unlocked, and I could have poisoned every horse in it, before a little urchin popped his head out of a hay-bin, and exclaimed, "Blood and ounds, gentlemen! and what do ye want here?" "What do I want?" I said, "why, I want your master." "Sure, my master is in bed, and he's drunk," replied the lad. Drunk enough he was; and, had I not stopped his doing it, he would have put the setting muzzle on another person's horse! So much for Irish trainers in those days; which were the days of Honest Ralph, Lady Sarah, Bob Booty, and other eminent horses: but it is clear there were no Dawsons, or others of his kidney, which have left such a stain on the English turf.

I had in the Liverpool packet—over and above old Murphy and Beggarman, and two hampers of Sneyd's claret, well covered over and concealed by regimental saddles and bridles—two thorough-bred entire horses, called Milksop and Bibo; but as the latter shewed as much dislike as Murphy did to quit his native country, and, in consequence, got his knees broke in being put into the packet, and the other was rather deficient in substance for a hunter, I was obliged to be satisfied with a saving price from Sir Richard Puleston, for the two, to carry his first whipper-in—and Bibo made a very pretty hunter. But I must hark back a little, and not quit Paddy-land just yet. There were some harriers in the neighborhood of our last quarters—Athy, county of Kildare—where we remained twelve months and a day. Indeed, a few of our officers, at an out-quarter, in a capital country, had a pack of their own,—their huntsman being put every night, before hunting, into the guard-house, to ensure his turning out sober. Of course, then, I had an Irish hunter or two, as our English horses were not "fly" to the fences. But I only remember two at all worthy of notice; one, an extraordinary little animal, which I purchased of a squire in the neighborhood, whose claret I often drank, but whose name—how grateful!—I cannot remember; and which I was soft enough to present to a lady I met at the Black Rock table d'hote, receiving a diamond ring in return; which, of course, I was ashamed to wear. But the history of the other horse is a remarkable one. I purchased him of the Rev. Arthur Weldon, one of the best riders in Kildare, for twenty-five pounds, when only six years old; and yet, so good was he, that no man in the county could beat him with the parson on his back. But he was ugliness personified—the very picture of the Irish garron; and still with beautiful points. For instance, an immense head, with cropped ears, on a stag neck; shoulders very deep, but very little thicker than two deal boards; carcass very light, goose-rumped; awful string-halt in both hind-legs; and a tail, full of white hairs, cocked nearly over his croupe, by the help of three deep gashes, and some weeks in the pulleys. Color, light chesnut, with white hairs in his face and mane; and he never would carry any flesh. Now, reader, Rosinante must have been a beauty to him; but, observe!—he had the legs and feet of a wagon-horse, the wind of a race-horse, the spring of a deer; and I rode him, *after he was thirty years old*, in the possession of a Welch squire (my own brother-in-law), to whom I sold him, without a windgall on his legs, much less a speck on his knees; and this, after having been applied to all sorts of purposes, from the favorite hackney of the squire and his lady, to the drudge of their servants; and, finally, the bearer of the post-office bag, and the "*saddle-bags mawr*,"* as his owner used to call them, over the Welch mountains, where no carriage could travel. Here, Mr. Editor, was a twenty-five pounder! and I have no hesitation in saying, that Arthur—for such was his name, and well known was he—would have made a very respectable figure over any country in England, with eleven stone weight on his back. His height was fifteen hands two inches.

I had a driving mania for the two first years after my return from Ireland, and did not hunt much. I had one or two horses, however, that require to be noticed, as connected with other matters. I gave £100 for a clever brown gelding called Morey, so called from having been purchased by Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, from the late Lord Kilmorey. I drove him in harness; but he was an excellent hunter, and would have distinguished himself in Warwickshire—to which county I was, at that period, a stranger. But it was on Morey that I first had the pleasure of seeing the noted Jerry Hawkins with hounds (Major Bland's), then hunting Worcestershire, and thereon hangs a tale. The meet was Corse Lawn, between Ledbury and Gloucester, where Jerry appeared on his grey stallion, and in the pride and vigor of manhood; regarded by myself with the profoundest respect, not so much as a sportsman, but (what was then more thought of by me) as having the character of a very desperate man over a country. The result, however, disappointed me, and somewhat lowered the said Jerry in my eyes. Crossing Highnam Park (General Sir John Guise's), with a burning scent, we were stopped by a gate, quite high enough of itself, but rendered still more formidable by the addition of a strong oaken slab nailed above the top bar. My brother, on Hermit, never pulled his horse out of his stroke, and I followed him on Morey, with my heart in my mouth; but we saw no more of Jerry Hawkins and Co., till the fun was over. Of course, I was cock-a-hoop on the occasion, and, getting drunk at night (in those days the general finish to a good day's sport) with a large party of brother sportsmen, at the King's Head, in Gloucester, offered a bet, that I would ride the same horse the next morning, over the same gate, bare-backed, and *in a halter*. Luckily for me, or, perhaps, in compassion to my infirmity, the proffered bet was not taken, for the "morning and evening song" would by no means have tallied.

In one of these years (1801, I believe) I have something to notice, from which young sportsmen may take warning. During the Shrewsbury Hunt week, we had a capital run with Sir Richard Puleston's hounds, the fox taking us over the base of the Wrekin mountain—as distressing a country for horses as, I believe, is to be found anywhere. There was a very large field, and I had two horses out—a mare, called Barmaid, which I rode myself; and my groom rode a six-year-old gelding that I had lately purchased of a Shropshire dealer. Of course, he did not see the end of the run—nor, indeed, did more than half-a-dozen; but he was seen in such a piteous state by some gentlemen who passed him on their road home, that I offered him, that evening, for ten pounds. The next morning, however, he came home, and fed well; so, thinking him a soft one, I gave fifteen pounds to the dealer (the well-known George Underhill) to take him back. I should now know better than to act thus. This horse was not at all fit to go; and the violent beating of the heart, described to me as such—which could be heard at a considerable distance from the stable in which he was put—was nothing more than violent action of the abdominal muscles, produced by temporary distress. He proved a very useful hunter, being a season or two in the stable of Mr. Lloyd Williams, of Penglan, the best mounted man in that part of the country; and afterwards carried Ned Bates, Sir Richard Puleston's huntsman, many seasons, by the name of Ragged Jack.

The history of Barmaid is also worthy of record, as her end was a lamentable one, and also the result of improper stable management. Very few saw the end of this fine run; but it established the fame of Barmaid, and Sir Richard bought her to carry his huntsman. A season or two afterwards she met with her death, from the following cause:—There had been a six weeks' frost; at the breaking up of which, this mare, a very hard feeder, was killed by galloping up and down that infernal cover for horses, called Apley Terrace, near Bridgenorth, with a dodging fox which never once left it. She was one of the finest timber-jumpers I ever had; and so fresh was she at the end of this tiring run, that she cleared a flight of high rails not five minutes before the fox died. What murder, to take such a mare to Apley Terrace, a place that hounds should never go near if it could be avoided! Too much of the picturesque about it for fox-hunting.*

In 1803 and 1804, I was in Leicestershire, for the first time, but cannot recollect all the horses I had, neither would itbe worth while to mention them, for they were but a seedy lot. My judgment in horse-flesh, indeed, seemed once more to retrograde, for I had, among others, two or three weedy thorough bred ones, such as Joy, brother to Lure, by Young Eclipse out of Mourpoult, and a roan horse by Admiral, just out of training, and not worth two rows of gingerbread; which, after finding them to be absolute failures, and without any mercy for my life or limbs, I sent to London, to be sold for what they would fetch. I had, also, an out-and-out brute, in the form of a Young Morwick ball horse, which cut a sad figure after the first ten minutes, rolling about like a ship in a swell. I had, however, one good hunter, a cropped horse, I bought of Mr. Baysand, and a very clever thorough-bred one, by Revenge, out Mira by Young Woodpecker, who died in my possession fifteen years afterwards—all the time kept at house, and was a model of condition when I shot him. I was offered 200 guineas for this horse (after a famous run with George the Third's stag-hounds) to carry the Princess Amelia; and a promise of his being returned to me, if I wished it, when he was past his work. It appears but yesterday that George Gosden, then one of the yeomen prickers, came to examine him in the stable of the Crown Inn, Slough—kept, at that period, by old Baldwin, and a favorite place of sojourn with me, when under the tuition of Jack Bailey, on the old Prince of Wales Birmingham coach, the famed preceptor of the best gentlemen-coachmen of my day. I am sorry, however, to reflect that, in one of my visits to this place, I was the cause of a relation of my own being expelled from Eton for taking a lesson from Jack, it *not* having been his *first* offence. But he made an excellent coachman; as, indeed, did most of the pupils of that very able professor.

In 1804 or 1805, I commenced my residence in Warwickshire, when it was in all its glory—the days of John Corbet, of Sundorne, one of the most popular masters of foxhounds England has ever been blessed with. Dick Bradley, the horse-dealer, was also then in the zenith of his glory, although this was not exactly the shop for me, his prices being high; but he gave high prices, and, of course, had a right to demand them. My memory does not come to my aid here so well as I expected it would; and I unfortunately destroyed the greater part of my hunting-books, in which the various day's sport I saw, and the different horses I saw them upon, were as regularly entered as they occurred. But I had, at this time, a most excellent groom, who lived nine years with me (the well-known Edward Brainsford, brought up by John Lockley, and afterwards many years landlord of the head inn at Painswick, between Cheltenham and Bath), and who put a polish upon a nag in less time, by nearly one half, than I have ever had it done in since; and I well remember his buying a little mare for me at this time, for twenty pounds, at Tattersall's, whither I sent him with a horse for sale; which, with a few weeks of his elbow-grease, was so metamorphosed in her appearance that I sold her to Mr. Shugborough, of Bourton, near Dunchurch, for sixty guineas. But, to return to my own purchases:—The first deal I had with Bradley was very near beinga grand *coup:* I gave him £190 for two horses,—a grey and a chesnut; calling the former Caravan, and the latter Snuffbox. Snuffbox fell a victim to Mr. Warde's famous Winnick Warren run, in Northamptonshire; but Caravan carried me delightfully for two seasons; when I sold him for 200 guineas to Mr. Roynon Jones—the gentleman who purchased Hermit of my brother, and sold him for 700 guineas to Sir Horace St. Paul. Caravan did an extraordinary day's work with me, which sold him. Those who know the county of Warwick will follow me, and see what an extent of country he must have gone over. He went from home—Bilton Hall, one mile from Rugby—in the morning to Ufton Wood, one of Corbet's best covers, full fifteen miles. We killed our fox beyond Witchford Wood, on the Oxford side, and I rode him home that night. In short, he traversed, in that day, the whole breadth of Warwickshire, and must have travelled little short of 100 miles. It may be asked why I did not leave him on the road? I answer,—it was my intention to have left him at Southam; but, on finding he ate his corn—we knew nothing of gruel in those days—and appeared fresh, I got him to his own stable. As for myself, I was obliged to be at home, because Mr. Otway, father to the present Sir John Otway Cave, who then kept foxhounds, at Stanford Hall, near Lutterworth, had altered his fixture for the next morning, to accommodate Mr. Roynon Jones, who was at my house, he being esteemed so excellent a judge, that Mr. Otway was anxious to shew him his hounds.

I let slip a good opportunity of putting a hundred guineas in my pocket, perhaps more, about this time. The race horse, Fisherwick, the property of the late Honorable Sir Charles Greville, was for sale at Warwick Castle, for twenty pounds, being lame from sand-cracks. I had an eye to him; but as Brainsford had, a short time before, speculated upon a horse of Lord Craven's, in a similar state, and not only lost money by him, but he gave me one of the most awful falls I ever had, I was afraid to repeat the experiment. Bradley bought him; made him quite sound; and sold him to the Earl of Jersey for 300 guineas!!

It will be recollected by such of your readers as have read my Reminiscences of the Crack Riders of England, that, when speaking of the Honorable George Germaine, I introduced a grey horse of my own, that distinguished himself one day in his presence, with the Quorn hounds, in Lord Sefton's time, only a few days after I had purchased him out of a dealer's string, at Rugby fair. The question might be asked, *Whence came the condition?* The answer is satisfactory. This splendid grey horse, by Windlestone, was purchased by the dealer, Wilson, of Northampton, from whom I bought him, of Sir something (Charles, I believe), Poole, who had given up his harriers in Derbyshire. The manner in which I got hold of him, as well as some other circumstances relating to him, may amuse.

On his return from Rugby fair, my neighbor, Mr. Shugborough, called on me, to say there was a clever grey gelding, just taken out of the fair, unsold by Wilson, the dealer, of Northampton; and, if I were quick, I might overtake him in a few miles. "He is worth looking at," said he. Now, my stable was full; money by no means plentiful; and credit not equal to Rothschilds'; but, as good luck ordered it, I had that morning sent six Devon splayed heifers to the fair, and sold them for twenty pounds a-piece; so, putting the money into my pocket, I soon overtook the dealer, riding by the side of his string. "What's the price of the grey?" said I, which was tied next to the man's back—no bad sign, by the way, for the best in the string generally has that place—without even a boot on his leg. "A hundred and twenty guineas," was the reply. "Put my saddle on him," I said, "and let me feel him under me;" so, hopping him over a fence into a field, and back again into the road, with one taste of ridge and furrow, I bought him for 110 guineas. But, though I had the trump card in my hand, I lost the odd trick. The next day but one, I met Mr. Corbet's hounds at Long Ilchington, when the well-known Dicky Bagyand—generally wide awake, and sharp enough everywhere but at Newmarket—thus addressed me:—"I hear you have bought a good sort of a horse, able to carry weight (he then rode about fourteen stone): what will you take for your bargain?" "Fifty pounds," was my reply. "I will be at your house on Sunday next," continued he, "and if I think he can carry me, I will have him." The next day—the day on which he did the trick with the Quorn hounds—I found I had come to too hasty a decision; and having also found a letter, on my return home, from Mr. Lloyd, of Coventry, informing me that he would take a horse of mine, called Tarquin, at the price that had been given to him, I availed myself of the circumstance as a plea to be off my engagement with Bagyand. But "Dicky" was not to be *done.* He declared he had not received my letter, and came to my house at the appointed hour. The result may be anticipated. He took the horse away with him; and, after winning a hat-full of money with him, sold him for 300 guineas to Mr. Roynon Jones; who also won a good stake with him at Kingscote. I heard that celebrated gentleman jockey, Mr. Hawkes—who rode him twice—declare he was the finest winded horse, not quite thorough-bred, that he ever rode. He was called Contract.

I had another rather extraordinary horse when I resided at Bilton; and I may venture to call him such, from the following circumstances:—He was a long, low, short-legged gelding, not shewing much blood, but with a head very well put on, and a good set of limbs, and was but four years old when I purchased him of Mr. Kench, near Dunchurch, father of the celebrated dealer of that name, for the small sum of forty-five pounds. In the first week in March of the same year, we found a fox with Mr. Corbet's hounds, in Oakley Wood, near Warwick, and killed him in Bentley Park, close to the town of Atherstone. No doubt there are several of my brother sportsmen, now alive, who remember this brilliant run; although one of those who went in front, namely, the late Captain Charles Boycott, is not. Mr. Tarleton, then of Boleaworth Castle, Cheshire, however, must have a painful recollection of it, by the fact of Will Barrow, the huntsman, calling out to him, "Stop, sir, your horse's entrails are dragging on the ground!" in about a hundred yards after we had all three gone abreast over a brook, under Weddington Wood. His horse, it appeared, had leaped short, and dropped, unfortunately on a pile; but recovered himself, without falling backwards: and I can now fancy I see him going, as if nothing had happened, in the horrible situation in which Barrow pointed him out to us. How far he would have gone, it is out of my power to conjecture; but he had passed over one large field before the accident was discovered. But this is all irrelevant to my object, which is to shew the extraordinary performance of a nag not five years old. When we had killed our fox, I was quite thirty miles from Bilton, and with a horse that *ought to have been* tired One remedy, however, was at hand. Billy Breton, who then resided at Oldbury (Mr. Okeovers' seat, of coaching celebrity), near Atherstone, took me in for the night; and, boots and breeches being repaired, I accompanied him, the next morning, on my four year old, on his way to meet the same hounds again, at a cover which lay in my road towards home It was my intention to have hunted with them myself; but, in consequence of having staid out all night, and left no directions behind me, no horse could have been sent to covert. What was to be done? The fox broke, almost under my horse's feet, as I stood in the road, cursing my ill fortune, when the deep-toned cry of the dog-pack approached me nearer and clearer, as they scored to cry, through the wood; and the scent, I thought, was good! "Here's a beautiful start," said Ned Croxall, as he came over a slapping fence into the lane, and over the one opposite to it, without breaking his stride. It could not be resisted! and, although I had been grieved by the sight of Tarleton's fine iron-grey horse in the flesh-cart, on his road to the boiling-house, as we came along in the morning, away went I after him on the four year old: and I do not think I was ever better carried than he carried me that day, through a beautiful burst of twenty-seven minutes, without a cast, but with a turn-up at the end of it! The color of this horse being a curious one, something between a chesnut and a roan, I *had* christened him Crocus; but from that day, he took the more appropriate name of *Ditto.* I am happy to say, he felt no permanently ill effects from this unpardonable trespass on his good nature: and the next year he became the property of one of the Spooners, near Birmingham, at 200 guineas. He was said to have been got by Aurelius—whose stock was noted for having white hairs in their tails, which he had; but no white feather was there, for he would have leaped *at* the Severn, if put to it.

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* The parish in which Eaton Hall (Marquis of Westminster's) stands.

† I am one of those who think lightly of the speedy cut. It arises from excess of action, and can always be either prevented or guarded against.

* Mawr is the Welch for large.

* I fear I shall be accused of boasting; but it is impossible to separate myself from my horses, which, if I had not ridden up to hounds, would not have been sold for the prices they fetched, of which an account will by and by be given: God knows it was not their beauty that sold them; for some of them might have won a prize by their ugliness. The run I am now speaking of, was alluded to by me in one of my first papers in the Old Magazine, in which I mentioned the fact of the dying fox beating off a young hound, which attempted to seize him, which gave him a few minutes' respite for his life.

London Sporting Review.

Agricultural.

[From the Boston Courier.]

MR. WEBSTER'S AGRICULTURAL SPEECH.

We copy from the New England Farmer the report of Mr. Webster's Speech, made at the meeting of the friends of Agriculture, at the State-House, on Monday evening, January 13:—

Mr. Webster began with stating that he regarded agriculture as the leading interest of society; and in all its relations having a direct and intimate bearing upon human comfort and the national prosperity. He had been familiar with its operations in his youth; and he had always looked upon the subject with a lively and deep interest. He did not regard himself as particularly qualified to judge of the subject in all its various aspects and departments; and he neither himself regarded, nor would he have others regard his opinions as authoritative; but the subject had been one of careful observation to him, both in public and private life; and his visit to Europe, at a season of the year particularly favorable for this purpose, had given him the opportunity of seeing their improved husbandry, and as far as it might be interesting, or would have a bearing upon the subject of the evening's discussion, the agriculture of Massachusetts, he would proceed to give his views and impressions.

How far in this matter the example of other countries was to be followed, was a subject worthy of much consideration. The example of a foreign country might be too closely followed. It would furnish a safe rule of imitation only as far as the circumstances of a country correspond with those of the country whose rules and customs it was proposed to adopt.

The great objects of agriculture and the great agricultural products of different countries were much the same. Bread, meat and clothing constituted these objects. Cotton might be regarded as an incidental product, peculiar to certain latitudes and countries. Though the great agricultural products of different countries were the same, yet there were various diversities of condition and circumstances, which materially affected the agriculture of different countries.

The primary elements which entered into the consideration of the agriculture of a country were four; climate, soil, price of land, and price of labor. In any comparison, therefore, of the agriculture of England with that of Massachusetts, these elements were to be taken particularly into view.

The climate of England differed essentially from that of this country. They were on the western side of the eastern, and we on the eastern side of the western continent. The climate of each country was materially affected by their respective situations in relation to the ocean. The winds which prevail both in this country and in England are from the west, and westerly winds blow three days out of four. These facts are familiar. The consequences resulting from them are, that our winters are colder and our summers much hotter than in England. Our latitude is about that of Oporto, yet the temperature was very different. On these accounts, therefore, the maturing of the crops in England and the power of using these crops would create a material difference between their agriculture and ours. It may be supposed that our climate must resemble that of China in the same latitudes; and this fact may have an essential bearing upon that branch of agriculture which it is proposed to introduce among us, the introduction of silk.

The second point of difference between the two countries lies in the soil. The soil of England is mainly argillaceous; a soft and unctuous loam upon a substratum of clay. This may be considered as the prominent characteristic in the parts which he visited. The southern parts of England are sandy, resting upon deep beds of chalk. The rocks in England are of a different formation from ours. Ours is a granite soil. There is granite in Great Britain; but this species of soil prevails in Scotland, a part of the country which more resembles our own. Our soils are stony. Such lands are not found in England. Our alluvial soils on Connecticut river, and in some other parts of the country, are equal to any lands; but these have no clay. It is not proper to compare the soil of England with the soil of America, because of the extreme differences in different parts of our country, stretching, as it does, through so many degrees of latitude, and embracing in its extent every variety of climate and soil.

The price of land, another important element in agricultural calculations, differs greatly from the price of land with us. It is three times as high as in Massachusetts.

The price of labor is much more in Massachusetts than in England. In different parts of England the price of labor is considerably various; but it may be set down as twice as dear with us as there.

These are general remarks, which have suggested themselves in regard to the state of things abroad. Now have we any thing to learn from them? Is there any thing in their condition applicable to ours: in which the agriculture of England may be of use to Massachusetts and to other countries?

The subject of agriculture in England has strongly attracted the attention and inquiries of men of science. They have studied particularly the nature of the soil. More than twenty years ago, Sir Humphrey Davy undertook to treat the subject of the application of chemical analysis of soils and manures. The same attention has been continued to the subject, and the extraordinary discoveries and advances in chemical science, since his time, are likely to operate greatly to the advantage of agriculture. The best results may be expected from it. These inquiries are now prosecuted in France with great enthusiasm and success. We may hope for like beneficial results here from the application of science to this subject with us.

A second material feature in the agriculture of England consists in the rotation of crops. It is a settled principle in their agriculture, that two white crops shall not come in immediate succession. A tenant would be discharged by his landlord who should violate this rule. White crops are grain crops, wheat, barley, rye and oats. These are succeeded by, or alternated with, potatoes, vetches or tares, beans, peas, turnips and clover, which are considered as green crops.

The great improvements in English husbandry are all traced to the introduction, from sixty to eighty years ago, of the cultivation of turnips. Before that time, when lands became exhausted by the repetition of grain crops, they were left, as it was termed, fallow, that is, were not cultivated at all, but abandoned to recruit themselves as they might. This occurred as often as every fourth year, so that one quarter of the arable land was always out of cultivation, and yielded nothing. Turnips are now substituted in the place of these naked fallows; and now land in turnips is considered as fallow. What is the philosophy of this? The raising of crops does not in itself enrich, but exhausts the land. The exhaustion of the land, as experience and observation have fully demonstrated, takes place mainly when the seeds of a plant are allowed to perfect themselves. The turnip is a biennial plant It does not perfect its seeds before it is consumed. There is another circumstance in respect to the turnip plant which deserves consideration. Plants, it is well understood, derive a large portion of their nutriment from the air. The leaves of plants are their lungs. The leaves of turnips expose a wide surface to the atmosphere, and derive therefrom much of their subsistence and nutriment. The broad leaves of the turnips likewise shade the ground, preserve its moisture, and prevent, in some measure, its exhaustion by the sun and air.

The turnips have a further and ultimate use. Meat and clothing come from animals. The more animals are sustained upon a farm, the more meat and the more clothing. These things bear, of course, a proportion to the number of bullocks, sheep, swine and poultry which are maintained. The great inquiry, then, is, what kind of crops will least exhaust the land in their cultivation, and furnish support to the largest number of animals?

A very large amount of land in England is cultivated in turnips. Fields of turnips of three, four, and even five hundred acres, are not uncommon. Since the introduction of the turnip culture, bullocks and sheep have trebled in number. Turnips, for the reasons given, are not great exhausters of the soil; and they furnish abundant food for animals. Where one bushel of oats are produced, ten bushels of turnips may be grown at the same cost. The great difference in the two crops is to be found in the farmer's barn-yard. Here is the test of their comparative value. This is the secret of the great advantages which follow from their cultivation. The value of manure in agriculture is well appreciated. Dr. Ure states the extraordinary fact, that the value of the manure annually applied to the crops in England, at present prices, surpasses in value the whole amount of their foreign commerce. There is no doubt that it greatly exceeds it. The turnip crop returns a vast amount of nutritive matter to the soil. The farmer, then, from his green crops, and by a regular system of rotation, finds green feed for his cattle, and wheat for the market. The growth of green crops is intimately connected with a system of rotation of crops.

The lands in the county of Norfolk, in England, are sandy. Here is the place of the remarkable cultivation and distinguished improvements of Mr. Coke, now Lord Leicester. His usual rotation is barley, clover, turnips, wheat. These lands resemble much of the land in the county of Plymouth; and the sandy lands to be found in the vicinity of the Connecticut and Merrimack rivers. The cultivation of green crops in New England, deserve attention. There is no incapacity in our soil; and no circumstances unfavorable to their production. What would be the best kind of succulent vegetables to be cultivated, whether turnips, or carrots, or Swedes, he was not prepared to say. But no attempts within his knowledge had been made among us of a systematic agriculture; and until we enter upon some regular rotation of crops, and our husbandry become more systematic, no distinguished success could be looked for. As to our soil, as had been remarked, there was no inherent incapacity for the production of any of the common crops. We could raise wheat in Massachusetts. The average crop in England is twenty-six bushels to the acre. From his own farm, and it was comparatively a thin and poor soil, he had obtained this summer seventy-six bushels of wheat upon three acres of land. It was not therefore any want of capability in the soil; but the improvement and success of our husbandry must depend upon a succession of crops adapted to the circumstances of our soil, climate, and peculiar condition.

In England, a large portion of the turnip crop is consumed on the land where it grows. The sheep are fed out doors all winter; and he saw many large flocks, thousands and millions of sheep, which were never housed. This was matter of surprise especially considering the wetness of the climate; and these sheep were often exposed in fields where a dry spot could not be found for them to lie down upon. Sheep were often folded in England by wattled fences or hurdles temporarily erected in different parts of the field and removed from place to place as the portions of the crop were consumed. In some cases they were folded and the turnips dug and carried to them. In such case they were always fed upon lands which were intended the next year to be brought under cultivation. In one case he saw a man employed in the field in raising turnips with a crow-bar for sheep, who was expected to be occupied exclusively in this business the whole winter. It is deemed by many farmers much the preferable mode to dig all the turnips for the sheep as they are wanted. In this case they are more completely consumed. The Swedish turnip does not suffer even by being frozen in the winter, but is found when thawed in the spring uninjured. In the north of England turnips are generally housed; or they are covered with straw on the land which is to be brought under the plough. Land is often designated by way of excellence, as "land that will carry sheep;" that is, land on which crops of turnips are to be raised for feeding the sheep; and such lands are greatly enriched by their being fed upon it. In the Lothians of Scotland, where the cultivation is as fine as in any part of Great Britain, turnips are largely cultivated. Here they are generally covered or housed. The Swedish turnips are particularly suited to a cold climate.

Mr. Webster proceeded in his remarks to state that the agricultural subject which now most strongly engrossed the public attention was that of the draining of lands. The draining to which he particularly alluded was what is called tile draining. Much of England, as he had stated, was based upon a clayey and retentive subsoil. Wetness is prejudicial and destructive to the crop. Marginal drains or drains on the outside of the fields, do not always produce the desired results. These tile drains have effected most important improvements. The tile itself is made of clay, baked like bricks; about one foot in length, four inches in width, three fourths of an inch in thickness, and stands from six to eight inches in height, being hemispherical, or like the half of a cylinder with its sides elongated. It resembles the Dutch tiles sometimes seen on the roofs of the old houses in Albany and New York. A ditch is sunk eighteen or twenty inches in depth, and these drains are multiplied over a field at a distance of seven yards apart, and vast estates have been drained in this way. The ditch being sunk and the bottom made smooth, these tiles are laid down with the hollow side on the bottom, the ends placed near each other, and some straw put over the joints to prevent the admission of dirt. These are not so expensive a mode of draining as might be supposed; but so important and useful are they considered, that even a large expense is soon met by the immediate benefits resulting from them. It has added every where at least twenty per cent. to the amount of the wheat crop. A beautiful example came under his own observation not long before he left England. On a part of a field, which had been thus drained, the wheat presented a most luxuriant growth; while on a part of the same field, which had not undergone this operation, the wheat, sowed at the same time, was feeble and just showing itself in straggling parcels above ground. It seems a singular fact that the advantages of this thorough draining are as perceptible in dry as in wet weather. A great evil in clay soils is that they become in dry weather hard and baked, and impermeable to the roots of the plants. The water, by this thorough system of draining, being removed quickly from such soils, they are less subject to become hardened by the sun; and remain porous and friable.

There was another improvement which he witnessed, and which he considered as the most remarkable and beautiful agricultural improvement which had ever come under his observation. This was an instance of irrigation. Irrigation is much practised in Wiltshire, in the south of England. He had repeatedly heard of water-meadows; but he had not been able to form a very satisfactory notion of what was intended by that designation. At the Duke of Portland's estate he had an opportunity of witnessing this extraordinary agricultural improvement in a remarkable form. This was in the north of England at a place called Sherwood Forest. By a forest in this case you are to understand an extent of country with a thin arid soil, covered with heath and ling, resembling brakes, with here and there a few oaks scattered upon it. Ten years since this land was not valued at a rent of one shilling per acre. It produced nothing. A brook ran near it. This brook passed through a village and gathered some of the refuse matter from the houses. It was conducted by a carrier or canal, similar to the water-way of a factory or the feeder of a canal, along the edge of this tract of land proposed to be irrigated, and suffered to ooze or pass out in small quantities over the land. Successive embankments or barriers were erected to receive and convey the water, and in this way the whole field was irrigated. The water was never permitted to flood the land, but was let out in small quantities, and the field was watered in March, May, July, and October. No manure was ever put upon this land; and when Mr. Webster was there in November, they were then taking off the third crop of hay cut that season; and which certainly was not less than two tons to the acre. After this crop was gathered, sheep were to be turned in upon it, which were expected to lamb at Christmas, so that the lambs might be ready for the market in March, when they would command a high price. There can be no doubt that the sediment deposited by the waters, which they had collected in their transit through the village, contributed much to the extraordinary fertility and productiveness of the land; but there can be as little doubt that pure water itself is an element of immense value in agriculture, and that it contains essentially and abundantly the food of plants.

With respect to implements of husbandry, Mr. Webster was of opinion that the English had no advantage over us. Their wagons and carts were not better; their ploughs he considered inferior; their threshing machines inferior to those in use among us. The drill cultivation was a remarkable feature in English husbandry, and executed with great neatness and precision. The young wheat fields appeared like rows of onions. Some of the drill machines were constructed so as to drop small portions of compost manure with the seed at the time of sowing. In this matter he remarked upon our deficiency. Their ground is finely prepared. He saw a field in turnips, where the seed which was carefully soaked and prepared, was sowed on Friday, and the rows of plants were distinctly seen on Monday all over the field. This rapid germination, where it can be effected, has great advantages.

There were various other matters in English agriculture upon which he would gladly remark, though at the risk of taxing too severely the indulgence of the meeting. There were crops cultivated among them of which we had none. The English bean, a small brown bean, was much liked, and produced about forty bushels to the acre. It constituted an excellent feed for their horses. Vetches, or tares, likewise, a sort of pea, was very much cultivated; it was customarily sown in the fall for sheep, and was eaten by them in the fall and winter.

The sheep husbandry in England is an immense interest. They will this year cut from sixty to seventy millions of fleeces; and sheep under one year old are not shorn. The average yield may be six to seven pounds to a fleece. There are two principal classes of sheep in England, the long and the short wooled sheep—the Leicestershire and the South-Down. The long-wooled, or Leicestershire sheep, give a fleece of about eight pounds; the short-wooled, or South-Down, a fleece of from three to four pounds. Wool is of great importance to them, and mutton in their markets commands high prices. Sheep are to be considered at the head of their agricultural products. The great importance of providing for them, therefore, must be obvious.

Our climate as has been observed, differs from theirs; but the great inquiry applicable in equal force to both countries is, how can we manage our land in order to produce the largest crops, while at the same time we keep up the condition of the land, and place it, if possible, in a course of gradual improvement? The success of farming must depend in a considerable degree upon the animals produced and supported on the farm. The farmer may calculate in respect to animals upon two grounds of profit, the natural growth of the animal, and the weight obtained by fattening. The skilful farmer, therefore, expects where he gains one pound in the fattening of his animal to gain an equal amount in the growth. The early maturity of stock is consequently a point of much importance.

Oxen are rarely reared in England for the yoke. In Devonshire and Cornwall, ox teams are employed; but in travelling one thousand miles in England, Mr. Webster saw only one ox team, and here they were driven one before the other, and in harness similar to the harnesses of horses. Bullocks are raised for the market. It is highly desirable, therefore, both in respect to neat cattle and sheep, that their growth should be rapid, and their fattening properties favorable, that they may be early disposed of, and consequently the expense of production lessened.

Is it practicable on the soil and in the climate of Massachusetts to procure a succession of crops? He could not question it; and he had entire confidence in the improvements to our husbandry, and the great advantages which would accrue from a judicious rotation of products. The capacities of the soil of Massachusetts were undoubted. One hundred bushels of corn to an acre had been repeatedly produced, and other crops in like abundance. But this would not effect the proper ends of a judicious and profitable agriculture, unless we could so manage our husbandry that by a judicious and proper succession of crops, the land would not only be restored after an exhausting crop, but gradually enriched by the cultivation. It is of the highest importance that our farmers should increase their power of sustaining live stock, that they may therefore obtain the means of improving their farms.

He had already remarked that, in some things, we had the advantage of them, particularly in agricultural implements. He had seen often the plough with wheels, but he deemed it an awkward and cumbrous instrument.

The live stock of England was in a high state of improvement. He had seen the fine herds of Lord Spencer, Mr. Bates, and others, with satisfaction. The specimens of the improved Short Horns brought to this country have been a capital stock; but the character of the stock raised among us should have reference to the nature of our climate. Our present breed of oxen are beyond doubt best suited to the plough He was inclined to believe that no stock for the dairy among us and upon our short pastures, could be found superior to the Ayrshire breed of cows. Every effort should be made to improve our own breeds. The Devonshire stock brought here at an early period and now generally diffused over New England, would probably prove the best stock, upon the whole, for us. It undoubtedly admitted of great improvement.

He urged attention strongly to the seeds of grains which we sowed. Great improvements had been made in these matters by a careful selection and culture. He considered that the introduction of the Leicester and South Down sheep among us would prove an eminent advantage. The Leicester require extraordinary feeding, and must always be kept fat. The South Down were an exceedingly profitable animal, both for wool and mutton; and would subsist well in short pastures and an exposed climate. It is not advisable to cross the Leicester with the Merino, or indeed the long-wooled with the short-wooled races.

It was easy to see the immense importance of a successful agriculture to England; and that even the amount of one per cent. added to their agricultural products would materially affect the subsistence and comfort of millions.

It was often said that England was a garden. This was a strong metaphor. There was much poor land and some poor cultivation in England. But he had looked at their improvements with the highest pleasure and admiration. In associations for the improvement of agriculture, in agricultural societies, we had gone before them. He would not say that they were following our example, but they were now doing what we had done. He had had the pleasure of attending the first meeting of the British National Agricultural Association; and gentlemen of the highest distinction in rank, talents and wealth, were apprized of the great importance of this vast national interest, and were lending their hearty co-operation in the cause. They had made in England immense advances in agriculture, and nearer approaches to the perfection of the art than in any other country.

He concluded by adding, that he had on the way some few individuals of the Leicester and South Down breeds of sheep, which, not as the finest, but as fair examples of these valuable breeds, he would be happy to exhibit to the farmers of Massachusetts. They would, on their arrival, remain in Boston some time for that purpose. He had likewise brought over a few bushels of the best kinds of wheat grown in England, for seed, which would be left at the agricultural warehouse of Messrs. Breck and Co, that the farmers, if they chose, might avail themselves of it.

[We ought, in justice to a contemporary, to state, that, for the advantage of publishing the whole of the preceding Speech on the same day when the last half of it appears in the Farmer, for which it was reported, we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Breck, one of the proprietors and editors of that paper, who courteously favored us with a proof-sheet. It is proper also that the Speech should be accompanied by the following explanatory note, which appears in the Farmer to day:—]

In the hurry of writing off the Speech from our notes, some errors occurred, which it is desirable to correct. The southern parts of England are not *sandy*, as there stated, but a thin light loam resting upon chalk. Beans and peas are not *green* crops, as remarked, but white and exhausting crops, because they are allowed to perfect their seed. That where one bushel of oats was raised, ten bushels of turnips could be produced, should have been stated in the form of a supposition, and not as an ascertained fact. The case of the person alluded to as to be employed through the winter in digging turnips, should have included also his slicing them and feeding them to the sheep, and this is the winter occupation of hundreds in England.

We give these corrections in justice to Mr. Webster. But we have also the pleasure to say, that Mr. Webster, at our request, has engaged as soon as his leisure will permit, after he reaches Washington, to write out and enlarge his Speech on this occasion, and we then propose to issue it in a pamphlet form; and we hope at the same time to be able to add a full and corrected report of the instructive remarks of Professor Silliman on the same occasion, of which we now give an imperfect abstract. We know they will be received with great interest and pleasure by the agricultural public. H. C.

[It may be proper, in this connection, to copy from the Farmer of this day, the following advertisement,—as some have understood that the seeds in question had already arrived and were ready for distribution.

At the Agricultural Meeting at the State-House, on the evening of the 13th, Mr. Webster stated that he had selected some seeds while in England, which he thought would be important to introduce into this country, and that he had ordered them to the Agricultural Depository in this city, Nos. 51 and 52 North Market-street, where those who wished to try them would have the opportunity to procure them. As there has been considerable inquiry about them, we would inform our agricultural friends that we have received an invoice of the seeds, and that they are on the way from New-York: as soon as they come to hand, we shall give notice in the New-England Farmer, and publish a list of the seeds.

JOSEPH BRECK & CO.

New-England Farmer Office,
Boston, January 21st, 1840.

A Court in the Woods.—Some days since a traveller called at a public house in Little Falls with a horse and cutter, giving the horse in charge of the ostler, he went to the house, but soon returned to the barn to see how his beast fared; but to his astonishment, neither the horse nor the Irishman who attended the stables could be found. Seeing another horse and sleigh, he solicited the loan of them to pursue the thief; and after being absent for an hour, returned with his property.

"What has become of the ostler?" inquired the landlord.

"I rather suspect," rejoined the stranger, "that he will not return while I am here," and pursued his journey to the west.

Nothing more was known of the Irishman for several days, when the landlord, seeing the track of a horse and cutter leading into the woods about two miles from town, followed it until it came to a man hanging to the limb of a tree; when, behold, there was the ostler dead—whom the stranger had pursued, tried, condemned and executed—and all within the space of an hour.

Canajoharie Radii.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Alexandria, La. -	J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Thursday, 23d Jan.
Augusta, Ga. - - - -	Lafayette Course, J. C. Meeting, 27th Jan.
Baltimore, Md. - -	Kendall Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 12th May.
Fayette, Mo. - - -	J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.
Irwinton, Ala. - - -	Harrison Course, J. C. Meeting 4th Tuesday in Feb.
Mobile, Ala. - - - -	Bascombe Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th March.
Marianna, Fla. - - -	Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Feb. next.
New York City - - -	Union Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th May.
New Orleans, La. -	Eclipse Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th March.
" " "	" " Match, $1000 a side, P. P., Mile heats, between the 2 yr olds of Y. N. Oliver and Kenner & Chapman, Spring Meeting of 1840.
" " "	Louisiana Course, Match, $2000 a side, h. ft., Mile heats, between Mr. J. R. Grymes' 2 yr. old gr. Leviathan colt and J. F. Miller's *Fairly Fair*, Spring Meeting of 1840.
Raleigh, N. C - -	Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday in April next.
Trenton, N. J. - - -	Eagle Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th May.
Tuscumbia, Ala. - -	Franklin Co. Course, Spring Meeting, 1st week in May next.
Washington City -	National Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday 5th May.
Waynesboro', N.C.	Randolph Macon Course, J. C Sp'g Meeting, 2d Tuesday 14th April.

Stallions for 1840.

☞ *Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season or Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail (to the amount of Twenty dollars) in this paper, no charge will be made.*

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, at Newmarket Race Course, Petersburg, Va., at $75—$100, and $1 to the groom. O. P. Hare.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate by Catton, at L. J. Polk's farm, Maury Co., Tenn., 4 miles from Mt. Pleasant, at $60, $75, and $100, and $1 to the groom.

ARGYLE, by Monsieur Tenson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, at Wm. Smith's plantation, Laurens District, S. C., at $50.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Clarksville, Tenn., limited to 55 mares at $60 and $70. Address James McClure & Co.

BELSHAZZAR, *Imported*, by Blackblock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Wm. P. Campbell, Franklin, Tenn., at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom.

CRITIC, by Eclipse, dam by Eclipse Herod, at C. S. W. Dorsey's stable, 12 miles from Baltimore, Md., and 2 from Ellicott's Mills, at $40 and $60.

ECLIPSE, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger, at James Swanson's stable, near Franklin, Tenn., limited to sixty mares at $100.

FOP, *Imported*, by Stumps, dam by Fitz James, at Col. F. C. H. Millers, 2 m. from Chapel Hill, Marshall Co., Tenn., at $50 and $75.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100 the season, and $1 to the groom. James Jackson.

GREY EAGLE, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, at Sidney Burbridge's stable, near Frankfort, Ky. He will be limited; terms hereafter.

HIBISCUS, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Duchess of York by Waxy, at the farm of George Fryer, near the Washington race Course, Charleston, S.C., at $40, and $1 to the groom.

IBRAHIM PACHA, *Imported*, of the pure Bedouin Arab stock, at J. G. Smith's Solitude Farm, 4 m. south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tenn., at $50 to insure

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at L. Y. Craig's stable, Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., at $100.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at Col. George Elliott's stable, Gallatin, Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

MONARCH, *Imported*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, at Col. Wade Hampton's Woodland's Estate, near Columbia, S.C., under direction of Wm. A. Stewart, at $100.

PACIFIC, by Sir Archy, out of Eliza by Imp. Bedford, at Duke W. Sumner's stable, Spring Grove, at Tenn., 7 miles north of Nashville, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

ARPEDON, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Icaria by The Flyer, at Hector Bell's stable, Winchester, Va., at $60—$100, and $1 to the groom.

SARACEN, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian, at the stable of D. F. Winter, Belvidere, Warren County, N. J., at $10.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at E. H. Blackburn's, Woodford Co., Ky., between Lexington and Frankfort, at $100.

STEEL, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Constitution, at Col. Edmund Townes' stable, Granville County, N. C., at $60 and $100.

SHERIFF PACHA, *Imported*, of the pure Syrian Arab stock, at J. G. Smith's Solitude Farm, 4 m. south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tenn., at $75 to insure

SHADOW, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian, at N. B. Luse's Brick Stable, Morristown, N. J., near the Morris and Essex Rail Road, at $10.

A LUCKY BIT O' GOOLD.

Middlesex Court of Requests.—Jur M'Gillicuddy summoned Taydy M'Gucchen for an "oul' half ginney" that Jur had circumvented him out of.

Jur—Plaze yer honor's wurtchip, it's an unlooky lump of a divil that rogue Taydy M'Gucchen is to me—he's bin afther cosherin me out of my ould bit o' goold that me ould granny (God rest her soul) left me on her dyin' bed, afther the soggarth had annointed her jist an hour afore she slipped off the hooks. The curse o' the crows upon yez, Taydy, to thrubble the coort to-day as you do.

Commissioner—Let us hear in what way he acted thus cruelly to you.

Jur—Och! hone ma vrone, yer honor, its meself that will; Taydy's bin cosherin me out of me half goolden ginney as I've took out of the kistha every night and spit upon for look and grace, ivery blessid mornin' since the thrubbles in 98. Taydy knowed, yer honor's wurtchip, that I'd had a grad'el (great deal) ov look wid the little bit ov goold, God bless it, and up comes Taydy and siz he to me, siz he, "Jur!" "Taydy," siz I, and siz he, "I'm afther axing yez for the loan of the half ginney" "Faix," siz I, "and what is it yer axin' it for?" "Be gonnies!" siz he, "ould Darby Davron's slipped off, good and all, as I've bin tould to-day;" and siz Taydy, "I'm after dhraimin' the ould sowl's lavin' me the little bit o' con-acre in Macroona;" and siz he, "lend me the loan of yer goold half ginney to put undher the boulsther undher me head, and who knows, Jur, agrah! but I'll have the bit o' con-acre?" "Faix," siz I, "Taydy, and may be you may, nobody knows the look he's born to, and its the natest and purtiest bit o' con-acre in the country, and that's saying a great word." "Thrue for ye, Jur," siz he, and I goes into Morya (Mary), and siz I, "Morya, Taydy M'Gucchen wants the loan of the half ginney to sleep upon it;" "And it's a long sleep, Jur, 'll take before he wakes wid it," siz she. And it was thrue for her, yer honor. Morya hands me the bit o' goold, yer wurtchip, and I up and I gives it to Taydy, and siz I, "Now, Taydy," siz I, "be shure and you don't forgit to put yer fastin' spit upon it afore you claps the dhudeen into yer jaw." "Na be hogger lalh," siz Taydy; and he rouls it up more betoken in a bit o' paper, and foulds it in his cawbeen and monnin a dhoul (said Jur, turning round to Taydy), I haven't seen the color of a crass ov it since.

Commissioner—Well, Mister M'Gucchen, what did you do with the half guinea?

Taydy—Half-ginney! a chuishla! tare an' ages—Is't in airnest yer honor is?

Commissioner—Answer me, sir; do you owe the money?

Taydy—What money, me lord? I niver had any money to owe.

Jur—Bad look to the likes o' ye, ye scrub! Didn't Darby Davren lave ye the con-acre owin' to the bit o' goold?

Taydy—I'll take me Bible oath I niver laid me two lookin' eyes on it.

Commissioner (to Jur)—Have you any witness to your lending him the half-guinea?

Jur—Be dad that I have, yer honor: here's me witness, God bless it (said he, handing up to the table, rather roughly, a sinister-looking Milesian Hecate, who could have "gone on" as one of Macbeth's witches without preparation).

Mister M'Gillicuddy's witness was duly sworn.

Commissioner—Well, what are you?

Witness—I'm a woman to be sure.

Commissioner (smiling)—So I suppose; but *who* are you?

Witness—Och! I'm a laborer's wife.

Taydy—Me lord, me lord, wouldn't she sware, like her husband Jur M'Gillicuddy, a hole through an iron pot?

Commissioner (addressing the plaintiff)—Husband, is not this witness your wife?

Jur—Faix, and I'll tell ye nothin' but the bare naked thruth, and she *is*.

Commissioner—Then I'm afraid, Mister M'Gillicuddy, we cannot take her evidence.

Here Mrs. M'Gillicuddy indulged in an Irish whoop at Taydy M'Gucchen, and declared she'd go down on her bare knees if the Commissioner would let her kiss the cross and give evidence about the half-guinea.

Jur was himself then sworn; and, after a close examination by the Commissioner, Taydy was ordered to pay the debt and costs.

Taydy—What'll I do if I can't pay?

Commissioner—Why, go to prison.

Taydy—How long, yer honor?

Commissioner—Thirteen days.

Taydy—Here goes, then, yer honor. The top o' the morning to you.

A TURK IN ORDERS.

Upon the names of Wilcox and *Haley* (as the officer of the court pronounced it) being called on, two rather remarkable persons presented themselves—one a tall, good-natured looking young man, of pale complexion, with cambric neckerchief to match; the other a short middle-aged man, with a sombre countenance, and eyes "fierce as ten furies." Wilcox made his way to the table with an infinity of bowing and scraping, while Haley marched bolt upright to his proper position. As they confronted each other, they exchanged one of the most comical looks imaginable.

"If you please, sir," said Wilcox, addressing the Commissioner, "I'm a—'m *the* head waiter at the St. Alban's Hotel, and Mister Mustyfer Haley (Mustapha Ali) owes me 8s. for an order on Hashley's Theayter, which he gave me."

Mr. Commissioner Dubois—Which *he gave you*? How comes it that *you* charge *him* 8s. for it?

Waiter—Ah! that's the thing that puzzles everybody who's heard of it. I'm afraid, and so is master, that Mister Haley's made a pair of fools of us. [And Wilcox looked very significantly at Mustyfer, whose countenance, although it carried upon the surface of it a scowl as "terrible as ——," yet certain little twitches which it betrayed about the eyes and mouth seemed to indicate that a whole volume of suppressed laughter was rolling below.]

"State how it was that Mustapha Ali made fools of you," said the learned Commissioner, giving the name of the defendant with the emphatic fulness of the Mahommedan language.

"How *who* made fools of us?" asked Wilcox, with astonishment.

"Mustafer Haley, as you call him," said the Commissioner.

"Oh yes, sir," replied Wilcox, salaaming till the tip of his nose touched the green-baised table; "you must know, sir, that Mister Haley very often comes to our hotel, and one night after he'd had some brandy and water, as he ordered partikler hot, he says to me, 'Thomas,' he says (though my name's James; James Wilcox, sir, that's my proper name, although they call me Thomas)—'Thomas,' says Mister Haley,' 'should you like to go and see Hashley's Theayter?' 'I'm very much obliged to yon Mister Haley,' I says, I should like to go; I should very much, as I promised a respectable young lady of my acquaintance I'd take her the pit.' 'You shall take her in the boxes,' says Mister Mustyfer Haley, *I'm in horders*; but mind, Thomas,' he says, 'you must be at Hashley's before six o'clock.' 'Never fear,' I says, 'about that? I'll be there time enough, I'll warrant; but,' I says, 'recollect, Mister Haley, as you give master a horder for two for the boxes, and they wouldn't let him go in the theayter, and if they won't let me and the young lady in you shall stand the 8s. I pay.' And then Mr. Haley said 'Good,' and he gave me a horder for me and the young lady. Well, sir, I went to Hashley's twenty minutes before six o'clock, and they said as Mustyfer Haley *wan't in orders*, and I was served just as master was served and had to pay 8s.

Mustapha, in very good English, declared that he *was in orders*, and denied that Wilcox had presented the order at the proper time.

"I'll take my hoath of it," said Wilcox.

"Bah?" exclaimed Mustapha, looking *tragedy* and *comedy* at a glance.

"I did," repeated Wilcox, in a passion; "and I think as all your bouncing about Mister Hillier's giving you permission to write horders is nothing more nor less than downright——

Mustapha frowned "everlasting hokey" at him, but it was no use, Wilcox was determined it should have vent.

"Downright *humbug*." said the head waiter, labouring at the charge as if he was bearding the "grand sophy" himself. "Downright humbug," he repeated, "and I don't think as you're any more in *horders*, than the woman as sweeps the crossing opposite the theayter."

The case was adjourned for the attendance of witnesses in the plaintiff's behalf.

Sleighing Time—American Courtship.—This must be an everlasting fine country, beyond all doubt, for folks have nothing to do but ride about and talk politics. In the winter when the ground is covered with snow, what grand times they have a slayin over these here marshes with the gals, or playing ball on the ice, or going to quiltin frolics of nice long winter evenings, and then a drivin home like mad by moon-light. Natur made that season on purpose for courtin A little tidy scrumptuous looking slay, a real clipper of a horse, a string of bells as long as a string of inions round his neck, and a sprig on his back looking for all the world like a bunch of apples broke off at gatherin time, and a sweet-heart along side, all muffled up but her eyes and lips, the one looking right into you, and the other talking right at you—is e'en most enough to drive one ravin, taring, distracted mad with pleasure, aint it?

And then the dear critters says the bells make such a din there's no hearin' one's self speak; so they put their pretty little mugs up close to your face, and talk, talk, talk, till one can't help lookin' right at them instead of the horses, and then whap you both go capsized into a snow-drift together, skins, cushions, and all. And then to see the little critter shake herself when she gets up, like a duck landing from a pond, chatterin' all the time like a canary-bird, and you haw-hawin' with pleasure, is fun alive, you may depend. In this way a feller gets on to offer himself as a lovier afore he knows where he bees.

Sam Slick

AMERICAN
TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE
FOR FEBRUARY, 1840.

THE 1st No. of this work was published on the 1st of January, 1839, from the Office of the "Spirit of the Times," corner of Broadway and Barclay street. This number is embellished with a very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engraving. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

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WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."
New York, February 1, 1840.

RALEIGH (N. C.) STATE COURSE.

THE SPRING RACES over the *State Course*, will commence on the 4th Tuesday, the 28th of April next.

No 1. Sweepstake for Spring of 1840, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Mile heats. To close 1st March. Four or more to make a race. Now four subs.

J. McLeod. Hugh Rogers. David McDaniel. Maj. N. T. Green.

No. 2. For Spring of 1840. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats. To close 1st March, 1840. Three or more to make a race. Now one sub.

No. 3. For Fall Meeting of 1840. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st of March, 1840. Ten or more to make a race. Now eight subs., viz.:

John White.	Jno. C. Rogers.	Robt. Chapman, }
Thos. W. Rainey.	David McDaniel.	by N. T. Green. }
Abner Robertson.	W. B. Cunningham.	Wm. Townes.

No. 4. For Spring Meeting of 1841. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. W. Polk names Imp. ch f. *Variellettа*, by The Colonel, out of Imp. Variella.
2. Nathl. T. Green names —— by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Duane's dam.
3. J C. Rogers names b. c. *Philo Alston*, by Imp. Priam, out of Lady Rowland by Tariff.
4. David McDaniel names ch. c *Inca*, by Andrew, out of Vashti's dam.
5. W. McCargo names ch. c. by Prophet, out of sister to Fanny Hill (Chas. Charter's d.)
6. Col. Wade Hampton names b. c. *Ruby*, by Imp. Rowton, out of Bay Maria, own sister to Black Maria and Shark.
7. O. P. Hare names —— by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. Pera.
8. W. H. E. Merritt and Jas. French name gr. c. by Imp. Rowton, out of Andrewetta's d.

No. 5. Spring Meeting, 1843. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Imp. Delphine and Imp. Hibiscus.
2. Also, produce of Charlotte Russe and Imp. Priam.
3. J. M Bryant names produce of Martha Leith by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Leviathan.
4. J. C Rogers names produce of Polly Peachem by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
5. David McDaniel names produce of Lady Biller by Marion, and Imp. Priam.
6. Jno White (of Jackson, N. C.)
7. P. A. Prindle names produce of Aggy-down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
8. R B Cunningham names produce of Lady Mayo by Van Tromp, and Imp. Rowton.
9. Geo. Goodwyn names produce of Lady Nancy and Imp. Priam.
10. David McDaniel names produce of a Napoleon mare and Imp. Priam.
11. Jas. W. Williamson names produce of a Sir Archy mare and Benbow.
12. P. M. Bryant and Jos. Bryant name produce of Grey Momus' dam by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. J. W. Williamson and Capt. Eubanks name produce of Sally Eubanks and Imp. Priam.
14. W. H. E. Merritt & Brother name produce of Sophia and Imp. Priam.
15. Wm. McCargo names produce of Fanny Hill (Chas. Carter's dam) and Imp. Priam.

No. 6. Poststake for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, with $500 added by the Proprietor, Three mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st of March, 1840. To be run at the Spring Meeting of 1840.

7. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, Four mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st July, 1840. Four or more to make a race. Now two subs. To be run the Fall Meeting of 1840.

DAVID McDANIEL.

Raleigh, N. C., Jan. 24, 1840.—[feb1]

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the *Eagle Course*, at the Spring Meeting of 1840, which will commence on Tuesday, May 26, which is the Tuesday following the Philadelphia and Camden races.

No. 1. A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 forfeit. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st of April.

No. 2. A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Three or more to make a race. To name and close as above.

No 3. A Sweepstake for 4 yr. olds that never won, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race. To name and close as above.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 30, 1840.—[feb1] O. BAILEY, *Secretary*.

VALUABLE LANDS IN ARKANSAS FOR SALE.

I WILL sell on accommodating terms, and long credit, the following lands, viz.: an undivided half of—

1. The N. ½ of Sec. 32 T. 12 N. R. 4 W. containing 320 acres.
2. S. W. fl. ¼ (S. of W. R.) of Sec. 28 " 135 "
3. S. E. fl. ¼ (S of Sloo) " Sec. 29 " 74 "

These lands lie in the Oil Trough Bottom, and are of the finest quality—Tracts No. 1 and 3 are better known as the "Manly place,"—Tract No. 2 is the one on which John W. Childress, Esq. now resides.

4. N. W. ¼ of Sec. 1 11 N. 4 W. Oil Trough—superior land, 160 acres.
5. S. W. ½ " " 1 " " " " "
6. S. W. ¼ " " 3 " " " " "
7. W. ½ 32 10 N. 7 W. on Little Red River,—part of this tract first rate, 320 6 Lots in "Noland's addition" to the Town of Batesville, lying immediately in rear of Wm. Dickinson's premises.

Also, some superior, well bred brood mares, with Volcano, and Tom Fletcher foals.

Batesville, Arks., Dec. 14th, 1839—[feb1] C. F. M. NOLAND.

BROOD MARES FOR SALE.

THE subscriber has in Kentucky two fine brood mares, both having had colts by Mingo, and both again in foal by him. They accompanied him when sent to that State, and it was the intention of the undersigned to keep and breed from them so long as Mingo remained in Ky. As it will be impossible to get them back to Pennsylvania before the Fall, the subscriber is induced to offer them for sale. To Mr. Thomas Hughes, near Lexington, on the Maysville road, and Mr. J. Howard Sheffer, of Childsburg, Fayette County, reference may be made for price, terms, &c. The pedigrees of the mares are annexed:—

DUCHESS OF BERRY, a bay mare, by John Richards, bred by me, foaled on the 21st day of June, 1830. Her dam a chesnut mare, Grand Duchess, by Gracchus, (he by Imp. Diomed,) bred by the late John Randolph, Esq., of Roanoke, Virginia, and foaled in 1814; her dam, the English imported mare Duchess, bred by the Duke of Grafton, got by Grouse (son of Highflyer, out of Georgiana, own sister to Conductor, by Matchem,) her dam by Magnet, (son of King Herod,) great grandam (sister to Johnny) by Matchem, (son of old Cade;) g. g. grandam by Babraham (son of Godolphin Arabian;) g. g. g. grandam by Croft's old Partner (son of Jig): g g. g. g. grandam by Bloody Buttocks (called also the Speedy Stallions, a favorite in Mr. Croft's stud at Barforth;) her dam by Greyhound, out of Brocklesby Betty, ("the best runner of her day,") who was got by the Curwen Bay Barb, out of Mr. Leed's Hoby mare, by the Lister Turk.

The above mare produced a bay colt by Mingo, Spring of 1838, and is again with foal by him. She is very handsome, of fair size, lengthy, healthy, and a sure breeder. Her colt by Mingo is uncommonly handsome, and at seven months old he measured, by an accurate standard, 13 hands and over 2 inches high. In form he is symmetrical.

A CHESNUT MARE, six years old, by Mambrino (he by American Eclipse.) Her dam by Col. Thomas Minor's Escape, he by Imp. Escape; (see Horns, English Stud Book, Vol. I., page 482;) his dam Miss Marske, by Imp. Bedford; her dam the imported mare Gasteria, by Balloon (see English Stud Book); Escape or Horns was by Precipitate, out of a full sister of the imported horse Buzzard. Gasteria was by Balloon, her dam by Marske, grandam Cremona, by Regulus Traveller—Hip—Snake; imported by Col. Hoomes, of Va. The Chesnut mare's grandam Young Adeline (bred, I believe, by Col. Tayloe,) by Topgallant, g. grandam Adeline (Col Tayloe's, that won ten races out of eleven, most of them four mile heats, against capital horses,) by Imp. Spread Eagle, g. g. grandam by Whistle Jacket, g. g. g. grandam by old Rockingham, g. g. g. g. grandam by old Cub, g. g. g. g. g. grandam the famous old Lady Northumberland.

This mare produced a chesnut colt by Mingo, Spring of 1839, very strong, and very handsome, and she is again with foal by the same horse. She is of fair size, roomy, healthy, and a sure breeder. C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, Jan. 27, 1840—[feb1]

FOR SALE,

A FIRST RATE TRAINER, 27 years of age. Any person wishing to buy, may apply to J. S. Garrison, City Hotel, New Orleans, La., or Thos. Watson, Alabama Hotel, Mobile. Feb. 1.

LEVIATHAN STALLIONS FOR SALE.

WACOUSTA, a dark chesnut, without any white, 15 hands 3 inches high, with great length and substance, foaled in 1832; was sired by the celebrated imported horse Leviathan, out of Lady Lightfoot by Oscar, g. d. Maid of Orleans by Cœur de Lion, g. g. d. Nancy Mason by Imp. Saltram—Wildair—Mercury—Apollo—Jolly Roger—Imp. Grenville mare.

Performances.

Nashville, May 26, 1835—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Seventeen subs. at $50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

H. Kirkman's ch. c. *Wacousta*	3	4	1	1
T. A. Pankey's ch. f. *Alice Riggs*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Hope	2	2	2	r.o.
Jno. Bass' gr. f. by Richard	6	5	3	r.o.
J. Southall's b. c. by Stockholder	5	1	dist.	
L. L. Leavell's bl f. by Childers	1	3	dist.	
R. Desha's gr. c. by Imp. Leviathan	4	6	dr	
Jas. H. Hough's ch. c. by Kosciusko	dist.			

Time, 1:55—1:56—1:55.

Gallatin, Sept. 14, 1836—Jockey Club Purse $400, entrance $40; Three mile heats.

Jno. C. Beasley's bl. c. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs., 100lbs.	1	1
Jas. Jackson's ch. c. *Wacousta*, by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 100lbs.	2	2
A P. Yourie's b. c. *Balie Peyton*, by Bertrand, 3 yrs., 86lbs	3	dr
S. C. Franklin's ch. m. *Matilda Rush*, by Stockholder, 5 yrs., 107lbs.	4	dr

Time, 7:15—6:58. Track very deep.

Nashville, Sept. 29th, 1836—Jockey Club Purse $700, with the entrance money ($300) added; Four mile heats.

Kirkman & Dickinson's ch. c. *Wacousta*, 4 yrs., 100lbs	3	1	1
R. Smith's ch. f. *Fanny Bell*, by Murat, 3 yrs., 83lbs	1	3	2
Ragland & Davis' bl. c. *Othello* by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 100lbs	2	2	3
T A. Pankey's b h. *Harkaway*, by Merlin, out of Picton's dam, 5 yrs., 110lbs	dist.		
John Crow's b. c. by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs., 100lbs	dist.		
L. P. Cheatham's b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Bagdad, 5 yrs., 110lbs	dist.		

Time, 8:13—8:12—8:24. Track heavy.

Florence, Ala., Oct. 27, 1837—Jockey Club Purse $300, entrance money ($60,) added; Two mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. Jackson's (Kirkman & Dickinson's) ch. c. *Wacousta*, 4 yrs., 100lbs	1	1	1
C Cheatham's ch. c. *Osceola*, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, 3 yrs., 86lbs	2	2	2

Time, 4:05—4:01—4:06.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 9, 1836—Jockey Club Purse $600, entrance money ($120,) added; Three mile heats.

Jas. Jackson's (Kirkman & Dickinson's) ch. c. *Wacousta*, 4 yrs., 104lbs	3	1	1
Jno. Connally's ch. c. *Little Red*, by Bertrand, 4 yrs., 104	1	2	2
S. Ragland's b. c. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 104lbs	2	3	3

Time, 5:56—5:51—5:59.

The second heat of this race was the fastest ever run over the Huntsville Course, the horses carrying 4lbs. over the usual 4 yr. old weights. After this he was taken from the Turf. Wacousta was never beaten except by the Leviathan horse Othello, whom he beat *twice* afterwards. Wacousta is a sure Foal getter, and his colts look as fine as his sire's.

Also, ONALASKA, br. c. 3 yrs., own Brother to Wacousta, 16 hands high, no white except small blaze in the forehead. He was very promising, and entered in several stakes; while in training, he took the distemper. He ran in his first Stake at Nashville in May last, which proved that the distemper had entirely injured him as a race horse. He will make a splendid stallion. Both the above horses we are willing to sell at fair prices, and on liberal time, viz., $4000 for Wacousta, and $2000 for Onalaska, at one and two years.

H. & J. KIRKMAN.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 15, 1839.—[dec21-8t]

IRWINTON JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Races over the *Harrison Course*, near Irwinton, Ala., will commence on the 4th Tuesday in February, 1840, and continue five days; free for all horses.

The Purses, which will be good, will be hung up at the Stand, each day, in *State money*. C. SPROWL, *Proprietor*.

Irwinton, Ala., 21st Dec., 1839.—[jan4-5t]

NEW ORLEANS RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE New Orleans Races, over the *Eclipse Course*, will commence on Wednesday, the 18th of March next, and continue one week. The purses, which will as usual be liberal, will be made known hereafter. Y. N. OLIVER.

New Orleans, Jan. 6, 1840.—[jy18]

SWEEPSTAKES, OPELOUSAS, La.

SWEEPSTAKES for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, to be run on the day previous to the Fall Meeting of 1840, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close 1st March, 1840; three or more to make a race. Now one subscriber, viz:—H. Carlin. [dec14]

Persons wishing to subscribe will address E. W. TAYLOR, *Sec'y*.

TROTTING STALLIONS WANTED.

LIBERAL prices will be paid for two Stallions of fine size and good action, from which to breed superior Carriage Horses. It is not required that they should be thorough-bred, but they must be at least 15½ hands high, and able to trot a mile in four minutes. Bays would be preferred; any other color would not be an insuperable objection, provided they were fine in every other respect. Letters containing a description, stating price, etc., will be attended to if addressed (post paid) to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times. Dec. 21.

SETTERS WANTED.

TWO very fine Setters are wanted at This Office. They must be well broke, young and handsome. Application may be made (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of The Spirit of the Times.

A well bred *Setter Slut* is also wanted, to breed from. She must have been a good performer herself, and from a well known stock. Dec. 21.

WATKINS & ASKHAM,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH TAILORS AND DRAPERS, No. 61 Nassau Street, New York, and 180 Regent Street, London. Uniforms and Fancy Dresses. Diplomatique and other Appointments. Prices extremely low for cash. [dec14]

FOR SALE,

THE well-known Trotting horse AWFUL. For particulars apply at the New York Hippona, 65 and 67 Watt street. CODDINGTON & McMANUS.

New York, December 28, 1839.

DOGS FOR SALE.

A DOG and Bitch of the King Charles breed of Spaniels, two months old. Enquire at the bar of the Franklin Coffee House, Maiden Lane. Jan. 25-3t*

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch; and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by [illegible] f the Union.

SWEEPSTAKES, UNION COURSE, L. I.

A COPY from the "Sweepstakes Book" of *Union Course*, Long Island, of Stakes made and closed for the years 1840 and 1841.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., but if declared by 1st of March, 1840, then $50. Twenty-two subscribers, viz.:

1. Robt Tillotson names ch. f. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Polly Jones.
2. Also, produce of Garland and Henry.
3. Jas. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Imp. Barefoot.
4. Wm. Jones names produce of Princess and Imp. Barefoot.
5. Also, produce of Dove and Imp. Barefoot.
6. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancy and Imp. Trustee.
7. Also, produce of Bianca and Imp. Trustee.
8. Also, produce of Charlotte Pace and Imp. Trustee.
9. Also, produce of Miss Mattie and Imp. Trustee.
10. John C. Stevens names produce of Floranthe and Henry.
11. Hamilton Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Imp. Barefoot.
12. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Trifle and Star.
13. Also, produce of Mary Blunt's dam and Marion.
14. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Imp. Trustee.
15. Also, produce of Lalla Rookh and Imp. Tranby.
16. Also, produce of Meg Dods and Imp. Trustee.
17. Nat. T. Green names produce of Aggy-down and Shark.
18. C. P. Green names produce of Calliope and Shark.
19. Jno. D. Kirby names produce of Maria West and Imp. Shakspeare.
20. W. Livingston names full brother to Dosoris.
21. Also, produce of Alice Grey and Mons. Tonson.
22. Also, produce of Jemima and Imp. Barefoot.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Seven subscribers, viz.:

1. R. F. Stockton names produce of Imp. Lady Mostyn and Imp. Trustee.
2. Also, produce of Bianca and Imp. Trustee.
3. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Henry.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Meg Dods and Imp. Trustee.
5. Also, produce of Celeste and Imp. Trustee.
6. Alex. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Henry.
7. Also, produce of Romp and Henry.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Three subscribers, viz.:

1. Asher P. Hamlin names ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Dame Quickly.
2. Wm. Gibbons names ch. f. *Fairy*, by Henry, out of Firefly by Imp. Barefoot.
3. John D. Kirby names br. c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid.

Second Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft. The second in last heat to receive back his stake, unless one shall win a heat and not be distanced. Twenty subscribers, viz.:

1. John P. Corbin names produce of Preston's dam and Star.
2. S. Mallory names produce of Caroline James and Eclipse.
3. J. M. Selden names produce of Florida.
4. Jno. C. Stevens names produce of Floranthe and Henry.
5. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Trifle and Star.
6. S. L. Gouveneur names produce of Garland and Henry.
7. Also, produce of Geranium and Imp. Barefoot.
8. B. B. Seaman names produce of Agnes and Imp. Barefoot.
9. W. Livingston names produce of Alice Grey and Mons. Tonson.
10. Also, produce of Jemima and Imp. Barefoot.
11. I. S Snedecor names produce of Blank and Imp. Barefoot.
12. Hamilton Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Imp. Barefoot.
13. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Imp. Trustee.
14. Also, produce of Powancy and Imp. Trustee.
15. Also, produce of Monmouth's dam and Imp. Trustee.
16. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Imp. Barefoot.
17. Jno. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Henry.
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Plenipo.
19. Also, produce of Lalla Rookh and Imp. Tranby.
20. J. W. Seaman names produce of Green's Filho mare and Henry.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1841—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; if declared by January, 1840, then $100. The 2d horse in first heat to draw his stakes, if not afterwards distanced, and if so, then the 3d in first heat, provided five start. Sixteen subscribers, viz.:

1. Walter Livingston names produce of Sport's-mistress and Imp. Trustee.*
2. Also, produce of Jemima and Imp. Trustee.
3. Also, produce of Alice Grey and Imp. Trustee.*
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius.
5. Also, produce of Lalla Rookh and Imp. Priam.
6. Also, produce of Celeste and Imp. Priam.
7. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Imp. Trustee.
8. J. H. Van Mater names produce of Henrietta, by Henry, and Imp. Valentine.
9. Wm. Jones names produce of Princess and Imp. Trustee.
10. Also, produce of Dove and Imp. Trustee.
11. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Monmouth Eclipse
12. Also, produce of Charlotte Pace and Monmouth Eclipse.
13. Alfred J. Vaughan names produce of his Shylock mare and Andrew.
14. Jno. D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Shark.
15. R. F. Stockton names produce of Imp. Diana and Dr. Syntax.
16. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Garland and Imp. Trustee.

Union Course, Long Island, Jan. 23, 1840.—[j25-3t] * Forfeit declared.

MARIANNA (Fla.) J. C. RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Marianna Course* will commence on the 1st Tuesday February next, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats; three or more to make a race; to close the 1st day of Jan. next, and name at the post. Now one subscriber.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Ten per cent. entrance. Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Marianna, Florida.

D. PITTMAN, *Proprietor*.

Marianna, Florida, Sept. 24, 1839.—[oct 12]

SWEEPSTAKES, WASHINGTON, D C.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to come off over the *Washington Course* at the Spring Meeting of 1840:—

No. 1. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds. sub. $500 each, $200 ft; four or more to make a race; Two mile heats; to name and close 1st of April, 1840.

No. 2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a rece; to close as above.

No. 3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race; to close as above.

This stake is confined to nags bred or owned in Maryland or the District of Columbia at this time. Entries to the above stakes to be addressed to the Proprietor.

The races over the Washington Course will as usual commence on the first Tuesday in May, and continue four days. Good purses will be offered, of which due notice will be given.

WILLIAM HOLMEAD, *Proprietor*.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 10, 1839. –[dec14]

MOBILE (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING over the *Bascombe Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 10th March, 1840, and continue five days.

Great Four mile Sweepstakes.—On the first day, the one preceding the regular Jockey Club Races, will be run a great Four mile Sweepstakes, free for all ages, sub. $1000 each $250 ft., and to which the proprietor will add a splendid Silver Cup, valued at $500. To name and close on or before 1st March, 1840. Three or more to make a race. The following have already subscribed:—

R. H. Long. Wm. G. Haun. T. Watson.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft. Three or more to make a race. To name and close on or before the 1st Feb., 1840.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $100, added to a subscription of $25 each, Mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake, free for all ages, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, P. P. To close on or before the 1st March, 1840.

☞ Entries for the above stakes may be forwarded to the Secretary or Proprietor.

The ensuing Spring Meeting promises to prove of most unusual attraction.

☞ Five or six of the best stables in the South West will winter in Mobile, and thus insure a large field for every race. The stakes are numerous and varied, the purses large, and the known excellence and quickness of the course will naturally attract vast numbers of horses to compete for them, thus ensuring fame and profit to the winners, with sport and excitement to the public.

DAVID STEPHENSON, *Proprietor*.

F. K. WEST, *Secretary*. Dec. 28.

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, (Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall name (W. H. Fennell's) produce of James Cropper's dam by Whip, and St. Leger.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to he above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times [jy13]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Seven subscribers, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Imp. Leviathan.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.
6. Balie Peyton names produce of Black Maria and Imp. Leviathan.
7. John R. Grymes names produce of Susan Yandell and Imp. Leviathan. [j18]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

TO THE COCKERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE Cockers of Hagerstown, Washington County, and State of Maryland, will close a main of cocks between this date and the first day of March next, for $2500 the odd fight, against any party that will plank up, to shew 31 cocks, from 4.12 to 6.4—forfeit $1000, the forfeit to be placed in any solvent bank in the United States. To fight any established rules the opposing party may name.

The Main to be fought at Hagerstown. For further particulars, direct to

Jan. 11. J. H. R AGAN, Hagerstown, Md

AMERICAN

TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE

FOR JANUARY, 1840.

THE 1st No. of this work was published on the 1st of January, 1839, from the Office of the "Spirit of the Times," corner of Broadway and Barclay street. This number is embellished with a very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engraving. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS.

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES XII.; on Steel by Dick, after Herring.

SPLINT USED FOR FRACTURED LIMBS OF HORSES; on Wood by Childs.

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WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, January 4 1840.

WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC.

VERY valuable Property in the City of Raleigh and its vicinity, for sale—FINE BLOOD STOCK, &c.

The subscriber, finding it impossible from his extensive engagements in another State, to devote that time and attention to his business here, requisite to its being properly conducted, offers for sale or rent THE EAGLE HOTEL, in the City of Raleigh, at present occupied by him. The Hotel, as every one knows, acquainted with it, is as desirable property as can be owned, if the Proprietor can give his personal attention to it. It is now thoroughly furnished, and the purchaser or lessee could take immediate possession. Few situations in the United States offer so fine a chance for the profitable investment of money.

Also, a Lot of Ground, containing Six Acres, with a new Dwelling, Stone Stable, and Barn.

Also, a Plantation on Crab Tree Creek, within 2½ miles of Raleigh, containing 678 Acress, and including all necessary buildings for a comfortable residence.

Also, 50 Acres of Wood Land, about four miles from the city, lying near the old Hillsboro' Road.

The above property will be sold on accommodating terms. Persons desirous of owning the whole, or any part thereof, are requested to make early application.

The subscriber also offers for sale the whole of his valuable stock of BLOOD HORSES as follows, viz:

No. 1. *Maria West*, dam of Wagner and Fanny, foaled in 1827, by Marion, dam by Imp. Citizen, now in foal to Imp. Priam. Produce entered in the Trial Stake, Nashville, Tenn., $1000 each, to be run the day previous to the Peyton Stake; also, in the great Produce Stake, to be run over the Louisiana Course, New Orleans, $5000 entrance, four mile heats, Fall of 1843; already five subscribers.

No. 2. *Polly Peachem*, by John Richards, dam by Imp. Chance, foaled in 1828, now in foal to Imp. Priam. Produce entered in the Produce Stake, 1843, mile heats, to be run over the State Course near Raleigh, $1000 entrance; also, at Newmarket, Va., $1000. The number of the subscribers to these Stakes will be published in the "Spirit of the Times" soon after January.

No. 3. *Mary Blunt*, ch. m. by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, foaled in 1833.

No. 4. *Lady Roland*, b. m. by Tariff, dam by Ball's Florizel, now in foal to Imp. Priam.

No. 5. *Mary Ann*, b m. by Gohanna, dam by Sir Charles, now in foal to Imp. Priam.

No. 6. *Lady Chesterfield*, ch. m. foaled in 1830, by Arab, her dam by Imp. Knowsby, now in foal to Imp. Priam.

No. 7. *Lama*, ch. m. foaled in 1830, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Buzzard, now in foal to Imp. Priam.

No. 8. A Dun Mare, foaled in 1832, by Sir Charles, in foal by Red Wasp.

No. 9. One half ch. f. *Fanny*, by Eclipse, out of No. 1, 3 years old—half owned by Col. HAMPTON, of South Carolina, and now in his possession.

No. 10. *Dolly Thorpe*, b. f. 2 yr. old, by Imp. Shakspeare, out of No. 2—won her Sweepstakes over the State Course near Raleigh, nine subscribers, $200 each.

No. 11. *Rail Road*, gr. c. 2 years old, by Imp. Felt, dam by Young Friday.

No. 12. Half of b. f. *Fanny Dingle*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, foaled in 1837—the other half owned by Maj. Thos. Doswell, Hanover county, Va.

No. 13. A Bay Filly, foaled in 1838, by Imp. Priam, out of No. 4—engaged at Newmarket, Va., 33 subscribers, $300 each; also, at the State Couse, $1000 each. See Spirit of the Times, after January 1st, for number of entries.

No. 14. A Bay Filly, foaled in 1838, by Lyman, out of No. 5—engaged at Newmarket Va., 33 subscribers, $300 each, Spring 3 yr. olds.

No. 15. Bay Filly, foaled in 1839, by Andrew, out of No. 1—engaged in the great Peyon Stake for $150,000, and is considered one of the most promising entries in the Stake.

No. 16. Bay Filly, foaled in 1839, by Imp. Priam, out of No. 5.

No. 17. Bay Filly, foaled in 1839, by Imp. Priam, out of No. 6.

The whole of the above Stock of Blood Horses will be sold at Public Sale, on the 1st day of July next, in the City of Raleigh if not privately sold before that time.

Applications, personally or by letter, can be made, until the day of sale, at Raleigh, N. C.

J. C. ROGERS.

Raleigh, Jan. 1, 1840.—[jan25]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following choice stock, of pure blood and unexceptionable pedigree, is offered for sale, viz.:

No. 1. *Nancy Norwood*, (dam of Atalanta,) by Thornton's Rattler, out of a Bonaparte mare, she out of a double crossed Medley mare; now 14 years old, and in foal to Priam.

2. *Camilla*, out of Nancy Norwood by Sussex; now 6 years old, and open.

3. A bay filly, out of Camilla by Priam, now at the foot, finely pointed, and large of her age.

4. *Maid of Northampton*, a grey filly, out of Nancy Norwood by Autocrat, now 3 years old, and winner of the Maryland produce stake over the National Course in Oct. last.

5. *Violetta*, out of Lady Telegraph by Oscar Junior, now 4 years old, and in foal to Imp. John Bull.

Together with a number of others, male and female, of pure and undoubted pedigrees. As the pedigrees of this stock have long since been published both in the "Turf Register" and "Spirit of the Times," a reference to those papers will satisfy the most scrupulous of the entire purity and value of the lot. Any gentleman or company of gentlemen who may desire to purchase the lot, or any portion thereof, can obtain every information by addressing the subscriber through the Bladensburg post office, Maryland.

Dec. 16, 1839—[dec21] SAML. SPRIGG.

RACING STABLE FOR SALE.

IN consequence of ill health, which renders it impossible for me to devote my attention to the management of the training stable; I will offer at Public Sale (if not privately disposed of) at the St. Charles Exchange Hotel, New Orleans, on the day previous to the Spring Meeting of 1840, the following blood stock. The terms will be made known on the day of sale.

1. Ch. h. *The Poney*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.
2. Gr. f. *Queen of Trumps*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.
3. Ch. f. *Bee's-wing*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, 4 yrs.
4. Ch. f. *Mango*, by Taurus, out of Imp Pickle, 3 yrs.
5. Ch. c. *John Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Proserpine by Oscar, 3 yrs.
6. B. f. *Caroline Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs.

Persons wishing to purchase at private sale will please address to me at Mobile, where the horses can be seen until a few days previous to the sale.

Mobile, Ala., Dec. 26, 1839.—[jan18] THOS. WATSON.

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street Albany.

WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent*.

Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

S. J. SYLVESTER'S

STOCK AND EXCHANGE OFFICE, is *not* removed, but continues at 22 Wall Stree and 130 Broadway, at which office he has been established for the last 15 years.

Uncurrent Money taken at the lowest market rates, and if sent from abroad, proceeds can be drawn at sight, or remittance will be returned according to instructions.

Collections—Notes and Drafts collected on all parts of the United States, Canadas, and Europe.

Drafts at sight for £5 and upwards, payable on any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, can always be obtained, as also Bills on Paris and Hamburg, or persons at a distance have only to remit the amount to S. J. Sylvester, with instructions, to ensure prompt attention.

Bills of Exchange, Bank of England notes, and all descriptions of Foreign Gold bought at the highest price.

Stocks, Corporation Bonds, and other secuties bought and sold. All communications must be addressed to

S. J. SYLVESTER,
Dec. 28. 130 Broadway and 22 Wall street.

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO.

Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21-5m]

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Beachland Course* will commence in future on the 1st Tuesday May, and the 2d Tuesday in Sept. [oct26] W. J. STRATTON, *Proprietor*

IMPORTED AINDERBY.

THE distinguished English Race Horse and Stallion *Ainderby*, will cover the ensuing season at my farm in Maury County, Tenn., on the Central Turnpike, 4 miles from Mount Pleasant and 7 from Columbia, at the following rates; $60 payable in the season, $75 the 25th of Dec, $100 the insurance, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be kept at $1,50 per week. No liability for accidents of any kind.

Pedigree.—Ainderby was got by Velocipede out of Kate (sister to Nonplus) by Catton, Miss Garforth by Walton, Hyacinthus, Zara, by Delphini, &c.

Performances.—Ainderby won the 2 year old stake at Malton, half-mile, beating Mr. King's gr. f. by Falcon, and Mr. Brandenburgh's b. c. Lotto by Lottery.

At Newton, Lancashire, for the Golborne Stakes, 15 subscribers, Golborne Course, he ran third to Lord Derby's Verbena by Velocipede, beating Ironfounder, b. c. by Predictor, Friar Tuck by Emilius, Turban by Sultan, Borghese by Brutandorf, Calista by Velocipede, br. f by Filho da Puta, and Mr. G. Peel's Tony Lumpkin by Bedlamite.

At Pontefract, for 2 year olds, he was beaten half neck after a good race by Mr. Gully's Democracy by Tramp, he beating Mr. Mason's Lotto by Lottery, Mr. Wilson's b. c. Winkly by Velocipede, and Mr. Gill's bl. c. by Waverley.

At Beverley, for 2 yr. olds, 4 subs., he beat Col. Thompson's b. f. Everilda by Young Phantom.

He won the York Derby for 3 yr olds, one mile three-quarters, 22 subs., beating Mr. Powlett's b. c. by Langar out of Giovanni's dam, b. c. by Memnon out of Chorister's dam, Mr. Armitage's f. by Velocipede out of Crazy Jane, b. c. Weldare by Langar, Duke of Leeds' Marianne by Malek, and The Stag by Actæon,—5 to 4 vs. Powlett's colt, 2 to 1 vs. Ainderby; won by a length.

For the St. Leger Stakes, at Manchester, one mile and three-quarters, he was beaten by Turban half a length, whom he had formerly beaten; Ainderby 2d, beating Sir R. Bulkly's Toraldo by Camel, Mr. T. Johnson's br. f. Venus by Langar, Mr. Gifford's b. c. by Lottery,—2 to 1 on Ainderby.

At Pontefract, he won a Sweepstakes, 5 subs., one mile and three-quarters, beating in a canter Mr. King's bl. c. Knottingly by Waverley.

Thursday, at same place, he won the Gold Cup, 8 subs., beating Miss Wilfred by Lottery, and Gen. Sharpe's g. f. Matilda by Malek

At Doncaster, he won the Scarborough Stakes, one mile (the winners of the St. Leger to carry 7lb. extra), beating Mr. Mostyn's br. f The Queen of Trumps by Velocipede, and The General by Confederate,—the mile was run in 1:43, the best on record, Ainderby carrying 118 pounds. The Queen of Trumps was said to be the best mare in England of her day, having never been beaten before or afterwards. It is said that she lost this race in consequence of a dog running on the Course. This may be true, but Ainderby being where he was, and being able to lead, his advantage was glory enough. The General was no where in the race. For an account of this race, see Am. T. Register for Jan. 1836, in an article by a "Virginia Breeder" who timed it.

He was afterwards beaten at Ascot Heath by Aurelius by Sultan. At Southampton, by Oberon. At Egham, by Lucifer, beating Paris and Louisa. At same place, by Spurne, and for the Bibury Stakes, by Mic Mac by Tramp.

At Goodwood, he ran third to Lord Jersey's Mendicant by Tramp, beating the following not placed, Foozool by Emilius, Willesden by Velocipede, Edgar by Shakspeare, Lord Exeter's Velure by Picton out of Bran's dam, and own brother to Glaucus.

Same place, he ran a dead heat with Lord Suffield's Newlight, by Lamplighter, won by Mendicant—he beating Mus, by Bizarre—Mr. Theobald's b. m. Cleopatra, by Camel—Zenana, by Sultan—Archwire, by Aron—Magician, by Zinganee—Bodice, by Whalebone—Foozool by Emilius—Sir Frederick—Lord Egremont's Madeira, by Chateau Margaux, out of Whale's dam, and Count de Courcy's Scipio.

Ainderby is a dark chesnut, 15 hands 2 inches high, strong back, loins, and shoulders, in fine racing form; his family are mostly all winners; with Velocipede on the sire's, and Catton on the dam's side, his get ought to be both speedy and stout. Imp. Nonplus, the brother to Kate (his dam) was a highly respectable race horse, having beaten Actæon (the sire of Gen Chasse), Tarrare, Mulatto (sire of Bloomsbury), Malek, &c. Nonplus's get are coming out in South Carolina highly creditable to the stock. Three have made their appearance, two of which are winners. Col. Flud's Hermione, who won the stake at Columbia, of 25 subscribers, and Col. Moore's b. c. out of Nancy Aim.

[jan18] L. J. POLK.

BELSHAZZAR.

THIS splendid English Stallion will make his present season (1840) at the stable of the subscriber, Franklin, Tenn., at $75 the season, and $125 to insure; with $1 cash to the groom, in every case. The season will commence 15th February, and expire 1st July. All persons who may patronise him are requested before the season closes, to execute their notes, payable 1st January, 1841; at which time the money for his services will be due. For the insurance, the money will be claimed as soon as the mare is ascertained to be in foal, or transferred. Mares entrusted to my care, will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain, at $1,25 per week; and every attention paid to insure their being in foal; also to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

Belshazzar is a rich chesnut, with no white except a small star, and a little white on his off hind foot; full 16 hands high, of fine length and reach, head and neck of such exquisite form and beauty, as to please the most captious and fault-finding; a shoulder resembling English Eclipse's, (one of his renowned ancestors,) very extensive and well placed back, and loin truly fine; limbs as clean and flinty as those of the deer, and a silky coat of hair. Take him altogether, he is a horse of high racing form, and is remarkable for his gaiety, beauty, and symmetry; and need only to be looked upon, to be admired.

For further information as to pedigree and performances, reference is made to the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, page 154, of the March No., 1839.

Jan. 11.—[t1my] WM. P. CAMPBELL, Agent for the owners.

IMPORTED HIBISCUS.

WILL make his next season at the Farm near the Washington race Course, Charleston, South Carolina, and will be put to mares at $40 the season, and $1 to the groom, to be paid in every instance before the mares are served.

Hibiscus is a beautiful bay, without white, 15 hands 3 inches high, of great length, and fine action. He was bred by Lord Exeter, and was foaled in 1834; he was got by Sultan, out of Duchess of York by Waxy, out of Moses' dam by Gohanna, out of Grey Skin by Woodpecker—Herod, &c. His sire, Sultan, ranked higher in England than any stallion of his day in the kingdom, and his dam unites most of the favorite crosses of this country, as her pedigree will show. For particulars see Racing Calendar of 1837 and '38.

The season will commence on the 1st of February, and end on the 1st of July. Mares will be well fed at 50 cents per day, and separate lots provided for such as have young foals. Every care will be taken to prevent accidents, but no responsibility should any occur.

Hibiscus is a horse of the purest pedigree, and in high racing form, exceedingly handsome, and the low price at which his services are offered to the public, will, it is hoped, insure him a liberal patronage. For particulars address his proprietor at the Queen st stables, Charleston. [Jan.11] GEORGE FRYER·

THE SYRIAN ARAB, SHERIFF PACHA.

THIS splendid Arabian was imported by Commodore J. D. Elliott, in the Frigate Constitution, August, 1838. Sheriff Pacha is amongst the finest specimens of Arabian blood ever landed on this continent; he is a blood bay of rich color, 15 hands 1¼ inches high, 6 years old; his deep chest, bones, form, and strength of limb, according with M. Sue's description of the celebrated "Godolphin" Arabian, the Father of the English Turf. Sheriff Pacha having, however, superiority in size and color, as also in point of origin, he being a Nedjdi, the Godolphin but a Barb. This horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from an Egyptian officer in the Staff of Sheriff Pacha, Viceroy of Syria, in the summer of 1837, at Damascus, and was selected from a number in the Viceroy's stable.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Beyrout, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

Thanks be to God, the Creator of the Universe. On this day, which is the blessed Sunday, 16th Iemad the first, 1251 of Hagira, Mustafa Aga, of Damascus, has purchased from Hagi Aly the Aleppine, the red horse called Nedjdi Arrawy, very well known to be from the Arabs of Atrah, and to his sire and dam a great many testimonials are given from the Arabs of Dawleh, the neighbors of the Arabs of Atrah. According to the testimony of every one of these faithful witnesses, who have given their names below, and who are honest and true, the said horse is a real Nedjdi, a descendant of his sire and dam the red mare Nedjdi; and he is delivered to Mustafa Aga in good and perfect health and condition, and the price has been paid to the owner to his entire satisfaction. Now the aforesaid horse has been delivered up to the possession and charge of Mustafa Aga as his lawful property. And this present contract has been written in the presence of the persons who have put down their testimony below.

Witnesses to the above—
AHMED AGA ATHMAN (L. S.)
ABDEL KADER TUBBAA (L.S.)
EL SHAIK MOOSA (L.S.)

The foregoing is a true and faithful translation from the original in Arabic. In witness whereof. [SEAL] J. CHASSEAND, United States Consul.

Beyrout, 2d September, 1837.

Sheriff Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $75 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis, grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liabilities for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm, 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

THE BEDOUIN ARAB, IBRAHIM PACHA.

THIS beautiful Arab horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from the Neapolitan Consul at Joppa, Palestine, in the summer of 1835, and imported by him in the corvette John Adams, August, 1836. He is a dark iron grey, with a silvery mane and tail, is 15 hands high, and seven years old; he is closely and compactly formed, with elastic and graceful gait, shewing the sinew and muscle so peculiar to the famous Merlano breed.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Jerusalem, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

We, the undersigned, do declare that the horse which Mr. Elliott, Ameriban Commodore, bought from us, is a Merlano of the Bedouin horses, of the race of Sirbaa, and in consequence, this declaration is written for the Commodore, so that he may be satisfied that the said horse is really Bedouin; in faith of which we give the present affirmation.

Signed ACHMED EL SAID MASTAFANI.
Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252. ACHMED EL EBAB.

I, the undersigned, do testify that the horse above mentioned, which Commodore Elliott bought at Joppa is a Bedouin horse, of a famous Merlano race and in consequence I hereby give the present testimonial.

[SEAL] MURAD ARTIN,
Jucaricato, as American Consul for Joppa and Jerusalem.

Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252.

Ibrahim Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $50 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis; grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liability for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

MONARCH.

THIS celebrated Racer will make his first season, under the direction of Mr. William A. Stewart, at Col. WADE HAMPTON'S Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, South Carolina, and be let to mares at One Hundred Dollars the season, to be paid in every instance before the mare is served.

By reference to the sporting periodicals of the day, Monarch's extended pedigree and performances may be seen. During his short but brilliant career on the Turf, he has never encountered any thing either in *public* or *private*, that could afford him a trial. He was bred at Hampton Court, by his Majesty William IV., and was foaled in 1834. He was got by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker. He has started seven times, and never lost a heat.

Extensive Rye and Grass Pastures are provided for mares, with separate lots for such as may have young foals. Mares well fed at fifty cents per day, to be paid before they are removed. Such mares as may not prove in foal to Monarch the first season, will be entitled the second to a season gratis to him or such other horse as may occupy his stand. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur. Season to commence the 1st of February, and terminate the 1st of July.

Columbia, S. C., Dec. 1, 1839.—[dec21]

N.B. Black servants boarded gratis; having no accommodations for white ones, they must board in Columbia or elsewhere.

FRANKLIN HOTEL, TUSCUMBIA, Ala.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has opened the above establishment for the reception of Ladies and Gentlemen. A share of the custom of the travelling community is solicited.

Dec. 28. L. G. GARRETT, Proprietor.

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Feb. 1—THE POOR GENTLEMAN—and THE CORINTHIANS; or, TOM AND JERRY.

MONDAY, Feb. 3—First night of the engagement of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM; THE COUNTRY GIRL—and THE WIDOW WIGGINS.

TUESDAY, Feb. 4—Second night of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM; MAN AND WIFE—and FOREIGN AIRS AND NATIVE GRACES.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 5—Third night of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM; a new farce called MAIDENS BEWARE, in which Mrs. Fitzwilliam will sustain four different characters.

THURSDAY, Feb. 6—Fourth night of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM; THE WEDDING DAY—and FOREIGN AIRS AND NATIVE GRACES.

FRIDAY, Feb. 7—Fifth night of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM; THE ENGLISHMAN IN INDIA—and MAIDENS BEWARE.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—This week has been occupied with the engagement of Mr. TASISTRO, who opened on Tuesday last in *Zanga*. His first audience was large, and particularly fashionable and literary; since the first night, owing to the miserable weather, and a certain other weighty reason, the houses have been thin. He has also played *Beverley*, and *Othello*, and before our paper goes to press, he will appear in *Macbeth*. But *Zanga* is undoubtedly the character by which Mr. Tasistro would, or should, choose to be judged. He has played it in England, and made it a favorite study. The *debut* in America was certainly so far successful, that he received many rounds of applause, and certainly rendered several passages with very considerable effect. His defects indeed were all distinct from misconception of his part; he lacks the power to give expression to his ideas. It would not strike any listener that the player before him possessed genius; but that he had much talent and much cultivation. But here commendation would end, for there are certain defects in Mr. Tasistro's manner, that will require diligent care to correct, and without the correction of which, he cannot become an eminent tragedian.

His accent in the first place is that of a foreigner. You detect it in his clipping of his words, and in his rapid and often confused utterance. It is the accent of a German—so it seemed to us, for it reminded all at once of Madame CARADORI ALLAN and Madame OTTO. It is not so palpable as in the latter lady, but more so than in the first. It differs from either, but in the line of business which Mr. Tasistro has chosen, it would be a fatal peculiarity were it even much less perceptible. In comedy, such an accent would often add to the effect—it might never entirely mar it; in opera it may be yet less objectionable; in tragedy the effect is ludicrous, and is entirely inconsistent with its dignity and pomp.

It might be sufficient here to stop this discussion; this single fault unless corrected—and one would think that it was not beyond the reach of patient effort—will imperatively forbid great excellence in tragedy. But there are other, tho' slighter faults of manner, to which the attention of Mr. Tasistro should be called, and they are such as may be obviated with moderate care. His stage walk is faulty, lacking dignity and grace, and his gesticulation is open to like censure. But these peculiarities one may well hope by practice to overcome, albeit this gentleman is not altogether a stranger to the smell of the lamps. His voice lacked volume and power, but on his first two nights it suffered from hoarseness, which it appeared impossible to obviate.

But it is somewhat easier to assert distinctly that Mr. Tasistro has not succeeded in fitly personating three or four leading parts in tragedy, than to point out definitely the causes of his failure. He played much as any educated man would do, with a tolerable figure for the stage, a voice of not unpleasant quality but of ordinary force, with the advantage of a perfect self-possession derived from some experience in the business. It has been remarked by several of the press, that the effort of Mr. Tasistro has been successful—in some prints this is laid down in strong and unqualified terms. This seems as extravagant as the opinion of those who in private conversation pronounce the whole an utter failure; nay, it is *somewhat* more extravagant.

The best opinion would appear to be, that to Mr. Tasistro belong no such happy accidents of person, manner, voice, and genius, fitting him for the stage, that he is able at once to assume its most prominent parts. The instances are few—if indeed there be any—where the honors of the buskin have been bestowed on those who have not labored through an apprenticeship of drudgery to attain them. It has never been said that Mr. Tasistro has received such discipline, and he is therefore to be classed with a thousand others—save in his higher cultivation—who have aspired without experience to carry off the highest honors of the stage. Such attempts, however they may in the outset be countenanced by the confidence of ambitious hope, and the partiality of friendship, are uniform in their issue, and make certain shipwreck of the too sanguine aspirant, unless he in time betake himself to the more humble walks and usual resources of the profession, whence, upon a surer basis, and with a more justifiable self-reliance, he may again hope to attain the substantial recompense and dazzling honors of highest theatrical success.

Thus much for the star of the week, and now one word for the company. Mr. HIELD has been vastly unfortunate in his parts, somehow forgetting his usual excellence. He has shown such decided symptoms of ranting, that on several occasions, the audience have almost drowned his voice with their laughter. Both in "The Revenge" and in "Othello," the fault was glaring. It must be reformed in time.

Miss CUSHMAN on Tuesday night, looked her part with exceeding propriety. The dying scene between Mrs. RICHARDSON and herself was awkward, and provoked smiles. Poor GANN in announcing that evening the bill for Wednesday, met with an unusual reception—the loudest applause. The house was somehow in humor for a lark, and several minutes elapsed before Gann could be heard. And when at last, the house was ready, he was not, so overcome was he by his situation. This in return provoked laughter which was mutually and cleverly sustained between him and the pit. His exit was felicitous and drew down shouts of merriment.

Since the above remarks were written, Mr. Tasistro has appeared in *Macbeth*, and we have only further to add that the remarks above made (with more particular reference to his *Zanga*), are more indulgent than could have been made by us upon either of his subsequent performances. There is little to deride in his personations, and but little to praise. The result is that he cannot by possibility maintain a position as a leading, or even second-rate, theatrical *star*, although he evinces enough of talent to warrant a hope of success in a more humble position upon the stage.

The Olympic.—Not half enough was said in the "Spirit" last week of the Savage and the Maiden," alias *Old Crummles and the Phenomenon*. It is assuredly the most ludicrous affair ever presented in New York. From beginning to end the house is in one roar of laughter. *Old Crummles* will henceforth be considered as Mitchell's great part. His minute knowledge of the business of the stage comes into play, with all his comic powers. RUSSELL and *La petite Celeste* likewise act well their parts, but the manager eclipses all others.

Mitchell must be eminently industrious. He plays in two or three farces every night, and manages his little establishment with commendable enterprise. Fun and novelty are the cardinal points in his plan, and the success is commensurate with his exertions. Mrs. BAILEY continues to play in the "Olympic Revels," and is looking more beautiful than ever. JOHNSON, the late *Artful Dodger* of the Park, does the leading tragedy business, and "there is no use competing with him" at the Olympic.

The house on Monday was crowded to suffocation, and even on Wednesday, when the rain fell in torrents, it was well filled.

The Philadelphians appear confident of erecting a splendid Opera-house. All the stock is said to be taken, and by men of responsibility. If the original plan be carried out faithfully, it will be, perhaps, the most sumptuous theatre in the world.

THEATRICAL ON DITS.

Mrs. FITZWILLIAM has been playing the past week in Philadelphia, to the delight of good houses. There is no diversity of opinion as to her extreme cleverness. Next week she returns home—to the Park—to play a farewell engagement of twelve nights, before proceeding to Charleston and the far South.

It has been said that the operatic troupe will succeed her. May it be so, for it is now for an unwonted time that our ears have missed the harmony of sweet sounds. Nothing more is known to us of the operas likely to be brought out. But a portion of the company will appear in Donizetti's "Love Spell;" we infer thence that some great opera is in preparation for the whole strength of the troupe. With one exception, or possibly two, there has been no necessity for this company to study new parts in America, and yet they are very willing to do so. Pray then, let us have another great opera to add to the stock of our musical treasures.

FLYNN and THORNE open the new Chatham again next week, having luckily disengaged themselves from the meshes of our Court of Chancery. Mrs. GIBBS, late Miss Graddon, is engaged. She has recently returned from an extended tour in the provinces, and is looking as brilliant as ever. BROWNE, too, joins the company, which will be strong for that house.

Mr. WALLACK, late lessee of the National theatre, has returned to England, by the London packet ship, *The Gladiator*. He is earnestly wished for by the Drury Lane management.

The benefit to FINN's family, in Boston, netted $1200, or thereabouts. The body of the lamented comedian has not yet been recovered, as was currently reported last week.

Miss SHIRREFF and WILSON have returned as far North as Wilmington, and will probably be in New York to give concerts, by the time the Park operatic engagement commences.

The Circuses are both doing well in town. That in Broadway is so conveniently situated, that thousands drop in by accident, "as it were," to revive the recollection of their boyish days.

On Monday next the Walnut-street theatre, Philadelphia, re-opens, at the price of fifty cents boxes, and twenty-five cents pit. Neither that, nor the Chesnut-street theatre can be expected to pay well in the present disastrous condition of Pennsylvania—unsettled and embarrassed as it is.

At ABBOTT's theatre in Charleston, Madame OTTO, BROUGH, and JONES were singing at last accounts. They were to appear on the 24th inst. in "Massaniello."

BARNES and his family were at Augusta at the same date; likewise Master and Miss WELLS, for whom Mr. FORBES, the manager, was getting up "La Bayadere."

In New Orleans, we observe the names of SINCLAIR, MARBLE, and others in the bills. The St. Charles stock company embraces many people familiar to New York play-goers. ARCHER, once of the Park, plays *Baron Pompolino!*

CHAPMAN had anchored his floating theatre somewhere in that ilk, and was doing "a regular business" on land, in opposition to Caldwell and "Gentleman George."

OPERATIC "INTRODUCTIONS."

These nuisances are happily hit off in a recent critique of the "London Morning Herald" upon "Love in a Village," as sung at Drury-Lane. Miss Betts is playing *Lucinda.*

What a delicious unconsciousness of the ridiculous is enjoyed by the mob of singers! How delightfully they vindicate their established right to be impertinent, in what is called their—"introductions!" Here does Miss Betts, without any allusion to the feathered *prima donna*, treat us, at no notice, with "Lo! now the gentle lark!" and that too, with a bland and gracious smile, as if conferring a lasting obligation on boxes, pit, and gallery. Nor is this sufficent; for, in the plenitude of her liberality, she throws in "The Minstrel Boy," the valorous death of the troubadour being beautifully illustrative of the intention of *Lucinda*, when promising to elope with *Eustace!* "I have promised to run away with you," says she, and then dropping her eyes upon Mr. Eliason, the leader, the happy cue is taken by the orchestra, and Miss Betts wafts us away upon the wings of song to the battle-field and the bloody death of the harp-destroying minstrel.

> "Its chords were made for the pure and free,
> They shall never sound in slavery!"

Having made this solemn declaration, in a most approved scream, Miss Betts—we mean *Lucinda*—puts her fair hand in the hand of *Eustace*, smiles another killing smile, and all is well again. Whilst, however, we acknowledge these our obligations to Miss Betts, we think she might render them still more stringent. In another part she has to say, "My sweet, pretty papa, your most obedient, humble servant!" a most admirable opportunity, as we conceive, for the introduction of "Rule Britannia." Again, in allusion to her domestic prospects, *Lucinda* says—"Well, I hope we shall be happy;" when the "Roast Beef of Old England" is, of all songs, the song to be introduced upon the occasion. Let Miss Betts think of these improvements. We the more readily dwell on the good taste of the singer in these introductions, inasmuch as, from the antiquity of the songs, it is not likely that she should have received any fee from a music-seller for the execution of the same. It is, of course, perfectly correct that Mozart, Weber, or Arne should be silent, if the singer have taken, of the publishing tradesman, ten, fifteen, or twenty guineas for the timely introduction of "I met her at the Fancy Fair," "She sat within the Abbey Walls," or any other soul-touching melody of equal potency. With this practice—a very common one—the public have nothing to do, save to applaud, as they applauded Miss Betts on Tuesday night; some 50 honest folks with hard hands and long ears, vindictively punishing their fellow Christians with a call for an *encore*—a call which Miss Betts, with great moral courage, readily responded to. Whilst on the subject of these impertinences, it would be unjust not to chronicle the name of Braham as particularly distinguished for the felicity of his genius at "introduction." We remember him in *The Castle of Andalusia*, at the St. James's. The scene was a grove—the hour dawn.—Braham entered, and, with a sentimental face and melancholy voice, shrewdly observed, "How brightly breaks the morning!" Yes, it reminds me of that morning I never can forget; whereupon Braham sung, "Slow broke the light." Another scene; enter Braham. "Hark!" says he, "methought I heard the sound of a trumpet;" and, without more ado, we had "The Trumpet sounds to Victory. As long, however, as the public will endure these absurdities, so long will the singer sin.

MODEL FOR MODERN MELODRAMES.

To the Editor of the London Age:

SIR—I write to you, feeling myself an ill-used man. Being desirous of adding my little efforts to the amusement of the public, I sent one of my dramas to the Adelphi, Surrey, Victoria, and other theatres; it is entitled "Scenes of Crimes; or, on Horrors' Head Horrors accumulate;" when, to my surprise, I find it rejected *by all*. I send you a copy of the *three first scenes*, to show you how fully I have worked out the title, and trust *you* will do me *justice* in your valuable Paper.

ACT FIRST—SCENE FIRST.

The Scene represents the interior of a Brewhouse.

Enter MATHEW MALTBLOOD and PETER HOPLIFE.

PETER—So, Mathew, you have found out the old man's treasure.

MATH.—Yes, in the yellow chamber his largest wealth he's hid; but vasty sums he on his person carries.

PETER—'Tis well! More do you know?

MATH.—But this; he shortly will be here. Five hundred pounds now he upon his person carries, and more to receive.

PETER [stabbing him with a knife]—Take thy receipt in full. Fool, thou hast told me all I wished to know.—[MATHEW dies.] He is dead.—[Voices from without.] Ah! who comes? How to dispose of the Tell-tale's body. Ah! the vat!—[Music. He carries the body, and throws it into the vat.]

Enter Mr. SELL-ALL and Mr. TAKE-ALL, the Brewer.

TAKE.—Walk in here, I beg, and taste our ale. Peter, bring in a jug of our best, and quickly.

PETER—Yes, sir!—[aside]. Quicker than you desire—[shows papers of poison (arsenic and prussic acid) to the audience].

SELL.—The money I have brought—£300.

TAKE.—Thanks, my friend. £500 I have just received from ——.

PETER—The strongest ale, Master?

TAKE.—Yes.

PETER [after putting the poisons in the jug]—'Tis here—[fills glasses].

TAKE.—Come, your judgment.

SELL.—Excellent!

PETER [aside]—The judgment of you both will soon be here.

TAKE.—How strange I feel.

SELL.—And I most queer. [They both die.]

PETER—Ah, both dead! Now to secure the treasure—£800—good. Now my escape—by yonder window.—[Music. He ascends the ladder, turns to look upon the bodies, his foot slips, and he falls into the vat. Scene closes.]

SCENE SECOND.

[This scene is not so encumbered with dialogue.]—Polly Blackeyes, Moggy Bleedemnose, and Sarah Scratchemface, with other ladies and gentlemen—Jack Bilk (the dyer), Toweser, Drawem, Hobnail, Knockemdown, &c., discovered in a brothel drinking; the ladies sitting upon the knees of the gentlemen, kissing, cuddling, &c. As the scene draws up a quarrel ensues. Jack Bilk is called a "*b——d liar*" by the ladies; he is seized by them, scratched, kicked, almost torn to pieces, his face and head covered with blood. He groans, and in the most pathetic manner, exclaims—"I never bilked Pol-Polly, Bl—a—" [dies]. Polly escapes by the window; a rope is slung her—her—her *bustle*.—[Hurried music, a picture is formed—the Dying Gladiator—and the scene closes.]

SCENE THIRD.

Exterior of Burke's House.

[In this scene there is no dialogue.]—Window R. H., through which you see the dead bodies of several males and females laid out upon tables. Music, "Hayden's Surprise." *Three* Burkes are discovered on the stage waiting for their prey. Women seen through the window, arranging and packing dead bodies.

Sir WILLIBALD RAWBONE enters.

SIR WILL.—It looks like rain—[puts up umbrella.] The characters surround him, throw a plaster over his mouth, and drag him into the house.

Enter several Resurrectionists.

The Burkes are removing the clothes from their victim, when the scene closes.

The other scenes are of the same novel and interesting character, *one hundred* in number—FIFTY MORE *than the Surrey Jack Sheppard.*

Now, Sir, this needs no comment. I repeat it, my drama has been refused. Could any thing be more *attractive*, more *repugnant* to *human feeling?*—and yet rejected. I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours faithfully,

Regent's-park. FIRE AND FLAME FITZ-BULLET.

A SUIT OF SABLES.

AN ANECDOTE OF A DISTINGUISHED TRAGEDIAN.

"Your massa and General Jackson bery much alike, Sib!" remarked to his countryman and companion, a male species of that interesting race, the amelioration of whose condition England purchased at the outlay of twenty-millions sterling. "Bery much, Cato," replied the intellectual Sib, "more 'specially massa!"

There was a beautiful mystery in the reply that at once pleased and perplexed me; it implied a problem more difficult than Euclid ever proposed, bewildering as eternity, and measureless as space!

That Sib was a philosopher, and that some deep meaning lurked in his qualified assent to Cato's proposition, I had no doubt; but the finishing polish had been communicated to the boots he was employed in cleaning, and a loud call for his attendance removed him hastily from the window, from which I had hoped to hear some solution to his enigma.

Sib was the personal property of an actor as celebrated for his talent and genius as unfortunate in an eccentriticy of character, which bordered closely on mental aberration; his was a servitude of affection, for he idolized his master, of whom he was wont to remark, "that though possessing a white skin he had a black heart!"—and when the accident occurred I am about to relate, no individual sympathy was more powerfully developed.

"Ten minutes, gentle*men*," dwelling long and musically on the first syllable of the last word, cried the call-boy of the Baltimore Theatre, a signal for expedition in the application of yellow ochre to the heels and vermillion to the cheeks, to the gentlemen occupying the dressing-rooms of that establishment; where, on the evening in question, "two stars kept motion in one sphere;" to witness whose efforts in Othello and Iago, the house had been crowded at an early hour with the beauty and fashion of that aristocratic city.

But a disappointment not in the slightest degree anticipated, and which proved fatal to the hopes of the audience, and distressing to the manager's (pecuniary) feelings, was about to take place, which was no less than the absence of the Othello of the evening; the orchestra repeated an overture; scouts had been sent in all directions, but still he came not! and, at length, sickened with "hope deferred," amidst a shower of orange-peel, the manager solicited the indulgence of his generous benefactors in behalf of Mr. Jenkins, who had, in the kindest manner, undertaken the part at a moment's notice.

Having quieted the storm in the theatre, he gave way to the one raging in his own bosom; and, burning with indignation, hastened to the residence of the delinquent tragedian, in a humour to brook no denial; it was in vain Sib remonstrated with him on the impropriety of disturbing his master, who, he assured him, was in bed; thundering at the door he demanded admittance—no answer was returned. Roused to a momentary fury, with a powerful effort he burst it open, and there, before a large looking-glass, round which were ranged twelve wax candles, their glaring light aided by a blazing fire, in full theatrical paraphernalia, with a visage black as night, stood the object of his search.

"Most potent, grave, and reverend seignors; my very noble and approved good masters," commenced the actor. The mystery was solved at once; "the moon had come too near the earth," and his sovereign reason was "like sweet bells, jangled all and out of tune!"

The anger of the manager vanquished before the feelings of the man, and humouring his fantasy for some time, he contrived to send for assistance.

His medical adviser arrived; his dress was removed, when it was discovered that not only was his face darkened for the part, but by some means, he had communicated the sable tints to his whole body, which could not, in his present state, he removed without danger; a violent illness followed, during which, although communicative on all other subjects, he gave no reason for the adoption of this strange and unusual "suit of sables."

Of the various opinions given on the subject, Sib's was the most amusing; finding, on the second day, that his master (to whom a powerful opiate had been administered) still bore the appearance of the dusky Moor, he entertained not the slightest doubt that a veritable change had taken place; and although, in his unbounded affection, he had complimented him on the possession of a "negro's heart," he had sense enough to know that a correspondent colour, as regarded his outward man, would not tend to his personal gratification, and therefore considered the transformation as a heavy and palpable judgment.—"All comes," said he, "of mocking de co'ored people; I neber 'proved of it, by Gole; massa acts Othello once too much; he acts himself black at last." Nor was Sib's opinion removed, until returning convalescence called him to assist in the operation of washing the blackamoor white. Mems. in America.

Talleyrand was of opinion that it was not very difficult to win women, but that the grand problem was how to get rid of them afterwards. Was n't he a wicked old wretch? Ib.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839, enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Since then portraits, in the same style of excellence, of JOHN BASCOMBE and Imp. LEVIATHAN have been published, to be followed by others of SHARK, MONARCH, and HEDGEFORD, all of which will appear before the close of the present volume (9th March, 1840).

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

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